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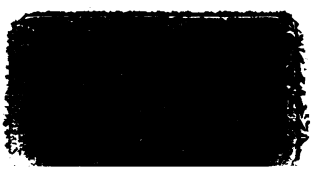
MINTO

AND OTHER POEMS

by Rev. OLIVER GRANE, D.D.



MINTO

MINTO

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

REV. OLIVER CRANE, D. D.

AUTHOR OF VERSION OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID IN ENGLISH DACTYLIC HEXAMETER.

"Lass mich ein Kind sein, sei es mit."

SCHILLER'S MARIA STUART,
ACT 3, SCENE 1.

NEW YORK:
WILBUR B. KETCHAM, PUBLISHER,
71 BIBLE HOUSE,
1888.

22051B

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PRESS OF
JENKINS & McCOWAN,
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TO

Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, D. D.,

HONORED POET, PREACHER, AND EDITOR,

THROUGH WHOSE KINDLY ENCOURAGEMENT, IN EARLY DAYS,

MY FIRST POETIC VENTURE IN PRINT

(HEREIN INCLUDED AS A MEMENTO)

WAS MADE,

AND WHOSE CHERISHED INTIMACY AND GENIAL FRIENDSHIP, FOR OVER FORTY YEARS,

HAS BEEN AN EVER-CHEERING INSPIRATION,

AND AT WHOSE REPEATED SUGGESTION OF ITS PUBLICATION IT NOW, IN ITS PRESENT FORM, APPEARS,

This Volume of Poems

IS, WITH GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE opening poem in this collection was written in the spring of 1845, while the author was a member of the Senior class of Yale College, and delivered, by appointment, before the Society of BROTHERS IN UNITY, April 9, of the same year. It has since, on a few occasions, been, by special request, read, but has never been published till now.

Of the others, the most have been already printed in different papers and magazines, but now for the first collected and issued together. Some of the minor pieces, being early efforts, hardly deserve preservation; nevertheless they are retained, and, with the rest, presented, rather than obtrusively offered, in deference to the desire of those who have urged their retention.

If any of them shall prove a pleasant pastime to a casual or interested reader, or the source of comfort to any sorrowing heart, the object of their issue will have been attained, and the author amply rewarded. O. C.

Morristown, N. J.

PROEM.

Go forth, my little Book,
With modest mien and look,
On thy career;
Not with defiant air,
Not with the trumpet's blare,
Yet hoping treatment fair
Without a fear.

If critic's searching eye
Some faults in thee descry,
Repress alarm;
For if he but reflects
That each has his defects,
He, though he flaws detects,
Will do no harm.

It hath been often told,
The world at heart is cold,
And oft unjust;
But there is many a heart,
Whose kind emotions start,
That would not cause a smart
In wanton thrust.

Go, then, and do thy share
To soothe distressing care
In others' minds;
Go, on thy mission sent,

Relieve the discontent,
Which many a toiler, bent
By labor, finds.

Go, cheer the lonely left,
Who have been rudely reft
By ruthless death;
Go lift the fallen one,
And point to Him alone,
Who knows each sigh and groan
Of sorrow's breath.

Go, and the wayward lead
To joys that supersede
The joys of earth;
Go, on thine errand kind,
Reveal to every mind,
That longs a friend to find,
The Saviour's worth.

If tears the eye bedim,
Uplift that eye to Him
Upon the cross;
So shall thine aim be met,
So, though the world forget,
Thine will be no regret
Of suffered loss.

Go thus, and when at length
Thou shalt have spent thy strength,
And art eschewed;
Thine will be ample pay,
If thou, in thy brief day,
Hast done, in thine own way,
Some little good.

MINTO, AND OTHER POEMS.

MINTO.

It was an autumn eve. The song and dance,
Which in the Indian vale had long been wont
To usher in their harvest-home, were stilled.
The ripening maize stood yet ungathered in
Neglected fields, which they no longer dared
To call their own; their herds untended grazed,
At will, the hillock's slopes, or undisturbed
Lay ruminating in the grateful shade,
In patient waiting for the milking hour's
Return. The air, that had at noontide glowed
With sultriness, now freshening gently trilled
The rustling aspen on the river's bank,
But woke no minstrelsy of quickened life
Within the Indian village: there all spoke
Desertion. Shrill the white-man's clarion had
Already sung the sentry hour, and slow
Each sentinel trod on his measured rounds.

Demure the dusky warriors silent, one
By one dispersing at their chief's command,
Had left the Council-tree, and stole away.

In groups assembled in their wigwams sat
That motley, migrant band, essaying, some
In stifled wrath, and some in forced attempts
Of listless mirth, to while the weary hours
Ere their departure; for the mandate had
Gone forth, that with the morrow's sun they leave
Their old ancestral haunts, their vale, their homes,
And toward the setting sun take their slow march
To lands the white-man had, in sovereignty,
Assigned as RESERVATIONS. Some in hope
Were picturing there a paradise, with groves,
And verdant hills, where sinks no more unseen
The glorious sun, and streams on whose bright waves
They oft may guide their birch-canoes, and deck
Them with the wild-flowers on their meadowed banks:
While others bode a dreary wilderness,
With cheerless wastes and miasmatic fens,
And deserts wild, and bleak, and desolate.
Soft! go with me to yonder stately lodge,
Above whose thatched roof, gray and mossy grown
By many a summer's sun and winter's snows,
There towers a cedar of a hundred years.
It is the council wigwam of their chief,
The aged MINTO, whom they all revere.
See, there he stands uncowed, in warrior-mien,
Though stung with grief intense: before him sports
The idol of his heart, the doted child of his
Advancing age, in bloom of maidenhood.
Beside him thoughtful sits his loyal spouse,
Who strives in vain to chase the gloom
Imprinted on his brow.

"Nay, Minto, grieve
No more; for Gitche Manitou will not
In utter wrath disown the children of
His chosen race." She spake; but he, absorbed,
Regards her not. The warrior's vacant eye
Turns not to catch her sorrow-soothing look.
He rises, draws his hunting mantle round
Him, and essays to go.

"My Minto, stay!
Oh! leave not here unfriended those whom thou
Hast pledged thine honor to defend. Thou hast,
I fear, upon yon Beacon-mount, some dark
Design in planning: stay, oh stay! or take
Me with thee hence, and let me share the worst."
"WINONA, let me go; I come anon."
He spake, and turning, took the path along
The forest's side, which to the Signal-mount
Led up, and thus, in lonely musing, sings:

"Let me go apart, ere my kindred start,
And indulge alone my sorrow;
Let me gaze again on the lovely glen,
Which I leave fore'er to-morrow.

Here I must not mourn, or the burning scorn
Will my warriors all be heaping;
For if heart gives way, they will taunting say,
See! our boasted CHIEF is weeping!

And shall MINTO, then, in the eyes of men,
Have his kindred all disgrace him?
He who cannot quail, though the leaden hail
And the fiercest foeman face him?

Shall he basely cower to a minion power,
And let e'en a slave be bolder?
Be it never said, till he lay his head
In a coward's grave to moulder!

I will go afar, where the mountains are;
Where the echo-spirits wander,
And will there rehearse my revengeful curse
On the cruel foemen yonder.

See! the day is done, and the tireless sun,
On its ceaseless cycles coursing,
From the vale retires to relight his fires,
On the hills where the foe is forcing:

To that distant land, where they tell me stand,
On the banks of every river,
The unhunted groves, where the wild deer roves,
Unalarmed by bow or quiver.

There the otter roams, where the torrent foams,
And the wooded hills are towering;
There the bison bounds o'er the hunting-grounds
Of the giant oak's embowering.

There they tell me, too, that my foes are few,
And that peace shall reign unbroken;
That the Calumet shall be honored yet,
As its undisputed token.

There, unawed and free, shall the red-man be,
As the eagle on his pinions;

And where'er he strays, and whate'er surveys,
He may call his own dominions.

But my home, MY HOME! Shall the white-man come
O'er the waste of briny water,
And possess the soil of the red-man's toil,
Or devote his sons to slaughter?

Must I leave these hills, and these sparkling rills
I have known in the tangled wildwood?
Must I count yon cot as no more the spot
It has been to me from childhood?

Must I never glide on the rippled tide
Of the stream my meadows skirting?
Must I stroll no more on its winding shore—
Be fore'er its banks deserting?

Yes, I must be gone, at the morrow's dawn,
Must from all that binds me sever;
For the white-men come and demand my home,
And have bid me hence forever!

I will go and tell, in that far-off dell,
Of the lands my fathers left me:
But to son and sire, as they there inquire,
I will say, THE CHRISTIAN reft me!"

Thus sings the aged chief, as slow he winds
His way secluded, now along the slope
Unwooded of the hillock, where he oft
A boy had sported with his mates, and vied

With them in racing up its sides, and o'er
Its summit, far outstripping all in speed.
A moment by the rock, which in their sport
Had been their wonted goal, he wistful stands
To rest awhile his wearied limbs, and catch,
With longing eyes, a momentary glimpse
Of that to him all-beauteous vale—that vale
Which now holds only for a night the all
He cherishes as dear. But turns he soon
To climb the steep and narrow pass, which, though
O'erhung above by beetling crags, and flanked
Precipitous by yawning chasms, he treads
As firm and fearless as when erst he there,
In manhood's prime, had lept those clefts, and danced
Unawed upon their giddy brinks, as wide
Through all their hollow caves he sent his wild
And deafening whoop, and shrieked in savage joy
To catch again its echoing response.

All now is hushed, save when his careless feet
Upturn the shriveled leaves, which autumn's blasts
Have strewn in wild profusion round him—strewn
That to his ear their rustling now might read
Monitions sad of that once noble tribe,
Whom he had seen roam free these mountain-wilds,
And oft himself had led its hunters on
Exulting through their game-infested haunts.

Stay! yonder is the spot, the very rock,
Whereon he stood, and shouted in his braves,
Around the stag which they had chased, but which

His own unerring arrow slew: and there
The very tree, beneath whose boughs with them
He danced around the gasping, quivering deer,
And in whose trunk his glittering hatchet hurled:
And yonder, yonder he can almost see
That sturdy band, who shouted with him then,
Now doomed to exile by the white-man's greed,
And waiting their departure on the distant plain.

The chieftain pauses, leans against that now
Old oak, and marks the rock beneath its shade,
The tree, the hatchet's gash, still visible,
The same wide over-arching boughs ; and in
That eye, which erst had known no weeping, stole
Perforce a tear.

But brushing soon the tear,
His keen eye in the distance caught the glow
Of changeful splendor, which the setting sun
Had kindled in a triple rain-bow arch
Upon the misty cloud, that overhung
Serene a deep-gorged mountain cataract,
And threw a halo o'er the scene sublime.
The distant roar of falling waters, toned
By hush of intervening hill and dale,
Fell on the chieftain's ear, awaking thought
To minstrelsy within his soul, as mute
He for a moment gazed: but soon, in scorn
Of weariness, he rose, and by the trail,
Which winding led up to the shelving rock
Of distant prospect, strode, whereon he oft,
In boyhood's glee and manhood's prime, had stood
And called that lovely landscape all his own,

And gave that mystic water-fall its name.
But list! responsive to the echoed roar,
His voice, in measured intonations, on
The evening air the forest's silence breaks:

"Roll on, thou flood sublime,
Which, since the birth of time,
Hath constant rolled;
From thine exhaustless store,
With ceaseless echoing roar,
Flow on for evermore
Thy waters cold.

Thou wonder of our sires,
Thy scene my soul inspires
With awe profound:
As deep to mountain calls,
Within thy chasmed walls,
And down thy torrent falls
With awful sound,

Strange visions o'er me float—
The near and the remote—
Till I am dazed:
I see our tribes enthralled,
By cruel bondage galled,
And by their wrongs appalled,
I stand amazed!

They throng not as of yore,
Nor wear the robes they wore
As warriors true;
There, where yon setting sun
Doth on his journey run,

I see their tenting done
By but a few.

I see them fewer grown,
Till scarce a trace is known
Of Indian blood:
Their land usurped and gone,
Their prestige all withdrawn,
And night, with no bright dawn,
Upon them brood.

Dark stream of passing years,
Which to mine eyes appears
Without a shore,
Must thus our race go down,
Bereft of all renown,
And, 'neath oblivion's frown,
Arise no more?

Thou cataract of eld,
Thine Indian name is held
By whites revered;
If red-men all must go,
With all they owned below,
Yet shall their glory glow
In names endeared.

Flow on, majestic tide,
In all thine ancient pride,
Till time shall end;
The name thou long hast borne,
The channel thou hast worn,
Shall not of glory shorn,
Through time descend.

The shadows deepen now,
Yet late hath on thy brow
A rain-bow gleamed:
Oh may that bow presage,
That in some future age
The Indian's heritage
Shall be redeemed !"

A moment stood in thoughtful reverie
The aged chief, his eye fixed on the spot
Where late the rain-bow arch had crowned the scene
Sublime, till day-dream seemed reality,
And time in vistas of eternity
Seemed blended, and their touching margins lost.
Absorbed in thought a moment stood he mute,
Till sudden sound as of a foot-fall in
The tangled thicket broke the spell that held
Him bound; when, with a hasty glance, his keen
Eye swept he o'er the lovely landscape, and
Passed onward toward the Mount, whose craggy crest
In autumn's radiant sunset-glory glowed.

Out from the copse emerging, ere the steep
And narrow pass essaying, to the left
He to the mound beneath the Trophy-pine
His footsteps turned; for there had he his braves
In hostile conflict led, and victory won.
Soon he has reached its summit, and beneath
That once famed battle-tree, where round him then

His warriors gathered in the spoils, and danced
Their war-dance wild around the slaughtered foe,
Sat down; and thus, in thoughtful strains, begins:

"Mound of the mystic past,
Must stern oblivion cast,
Chill as the winter's blast,
O'er thee its pall,
With not a stone to tell
Where once my warriors fell,
Answering with dying yell,
Their chieftain's call?

Here was the battle-ground,
Here once the war-whoop's sound
Rang with its wild rebound
Through hill and plain:
Here did my hunters roam
Free in their forest-home,
Monarchs to go and come
On their domain.

There, where the iron rail
Winds through yon lovely vale,
Once ran our narrow trail
Trod by the brave:
Oft, too, my bark-canoe
Over yon river flew,
Ere our oppressors knew
Aught of its wave.

Blithely the Indian maid
Lone through the forest-glade,

Fearless of danger strayed
Early and late;
Whilst to the silent grove,
Coy as a turtle-dove,
Breathing her artless love
True to her mate.

Here, when the battle ceased,
Chiefs from the west and east
Came to the trophy-feast,
Honored and true;
Here met the aged sires,
Here built their council-fires,
Here pledged till life expires
Fealty anew.

Mound where my warriors stood,
Mid the primeval wood,
Writing in deeds of blood
Thine ancient fame;
Must then the white-man's plow,
Marring thy glory now,
Deep in thy furrowed brow
Bury thy name?

Here in our native clime,
Rearing thy head sublime,
Why to the end of time
Grudge us our own?
Must these, my noble braves,
Where the wild tempest raves
Over their nameless graves,
Moulder unknown?

Shrine of the cherished past,
Locked in thy bosom fast,
Keep all of fame thou hast
Sacred unto the last,
Safe in thy dust;
So thou entombing mound,
Shalt thou, with glory crowned,
Ever be holy ground,
And to the end be found
True to thy trust."

Thus sang the chief, and for a moment cheered
His soul by hope illusive of renown
Compensative of wrongs, which had been burnt
Deep on the sensive tablet of his heart.
Meanwhile the lengthened shadows fell upon
The distant vale, and twilight's near approach
Betokened. From his seat beneath the pine
The chieftain rises, and, with quickened step,
Advances, till he, upward toiling, nears
At length the summit of the Beacon-mount,
Where he alone, and with his comrades, oft
Had stood in warrior-pride, and viewed the vale,
The mound, the groves, the river, forests, all
That rose to his far-reaching ken, and joyed
To call them all his own: but now he comes
To bid them all farewell; to take the last
Sad look of what yon foeman's guarded camp
Reminds him he can call his own no more.
His feet have passed the rocky brow, and there,
Upon a moss-grown rock—his customed seat—
He sits aweary down awhile to rest.

It was a wild and lonely spot: all round,
Save on his right, where towered a jutting crag,
Rose forest-pines, and oaks, which rudest gales
Of centuries had rooted but more firm.
Before him lay his fathers' vale—his HOME.
The setting sun had just gone down behind
The still more distant mount, yet lingering gilds,
With its own splendors lit, the eastern sky.

Calm, and in warrior-bearing, yet with look
Of more than rueful meaning, rose the lone
And aged chief. The evening breeze had caught
His hoary locks, and overflung them wild,
Disheveled, on his furrowed brow; while from
His shoulders loose, in careless foldings, as
If thought disdained adjustment, hung his gay
Inwoven mantle. Slow advancing toward
The pending precipice, with features fixed,
And motionless, he, for a moment, scans
The distant scene, and thus aloud begins:

"Why, ye whites, have ye thus from your distant domain,
Oh! why have ye come to deprive us of home?
Is there not, in the land where the pale-faces reign,
A space where at will ye may limitless roam?

Must ye come when the herds of the buffalo fail,
And deer from your forests are bounding afar,
Must ye come, and pursuing the Indian's trail,
Demand his retreat, or defending in war?

When ye came to our shores o'er the deep-rolling tide,
Ye told us ye came but the Indian to bless;
We believed you, and bade you among us reside,
And opened our arms for a brother's caress.

But ye came, and for kindness have given us woe,
Have basely denied that the red-man can feel;
Ye have come, and for all that had bound us below,
Have offered the choice of the league or the steel.

Ye have come, and have gazed on our beautiful lands,
Have entered the grounds where the red hunter roves;
Ye have come, and have told us your cruel commands,
'Begone, ye red rangers, begone from your groves!'

Ye have come, with your warriors in battle-array,
To force us away from these hills of our sires;
Ye have come, and, with cannons' loud thunders, essay
To bury in ruins our altars and fires!

Is it thus, is it thus, as ye proudly have said,
Gitche Manitou gave you for us his decree,
That he pour down his wrath on the innocents' head,
Whilst ye, in your plunder exulting, go free?

O thou Spirit, who sittest sublime on the storm,
And markest for justice the doings of men,

Must the red-man be crushed 'neath oppression's
dire form,
And take no revenge on his foemen again?

No! ye whites, though His vengeance impending
delay,
And hang out its threatenings unscathing you
long,
It shall come with its doom, and ye too must away,
And own to the full the reward of our wrong.

Ye have hurled, as omnipotent, on us your taunts,
And thought with impunity us to disperse,
But I go not away from these Indian haunts,
Till on you I have uttered the Indian's CURSE!

THE CURSE.

May the Great Spirit come, in His terrible wrath,
And doom for His judgments the white-faces'
ground;
May the hurricane's sweep, and the tornado's path
Wide scatter his homes, like the stubble, around.

May the mildew and blight, when the seasons
return,
Descend on his maize, and his flourishing grain;
May the autumn-fires ever his prairie-lands burn,
And sweep, in their march, o'er the forested plain.

May the storm, and the lightning that leaps from
the cloud,
Relentless his barns, and his garners, consume;

May the wide-wasting earthquake his cities enshroud,
And pasture-grounds whelm in its deep-opening tomb.

May the bald-eagle bear in his talons away
The young, and the choicest, his fleecy flocks yield,
And the fierce-howling wolf, and his prowlers for prey,
Deal death to his herds, as they graze in the field.

May his ships, as they plow through the billowy deep,
Rich-freighted with wealth from a far-distant land,
Be submerged by the whirlwind's unpitiful sweep,
And strewn, in their wreck, on a desolate strand.

May his chieftains come back never more from the war,
His warriors all fall ere the battle is won,
And his children, as captives, be carried afar,
And powerless he view what the foemen have done.

May his councils be blighted by rancor and hate,
And end in confusion, and bloody disgrace:
May the Great Spirit's vengeance on all his await
The wrong he has done to the Indian race!

Gitche Manitou's curse, aye, the curse of that God
Who guideth the sons of the Indian home,

Ever rest on the race who thus basely defraud,
Wherever they dwell, and wherever they roam!"

He ceased, and sternness gathering sate upon
That brow, such as had only there abode
When direst conflict had impelled him on
To plunge in his imploring victim's breast
Relentlessly his hatchet's reeking blade:
And, had he but possessed omnipotence,
He would have hurled vindictive thunderbolts
Through all their tented ranks, and swept, with one
Fell stroke, their very vestige from his lands.
Mutely he stands, with quivering lip, while from
Him stole, half stifled, rage, as if pent in
His breast were surging thoughts, which found
not words
To give them vent. His wrathful curse had from
His lips fallen impotent; but his proud soul
Now could not, would not, brook the staying of
That vengeance he in rancor had invoked
Upon his kindred's foemen: forth afresh
The smothered fires within him flashed to flame.
"Oh! shall we cringing cower, like wounded fawns,
Beneath the feet of those who fain would crush
Us down, as abject cravens, in the dust?
Fool! that I did not lead my trusty braves,
Few, yet undaunted as this mountain rock,
On to repel the white-man's haughty host,
Ere it had gained a foothold on our soil.
How did they clamor loud on that dark night,
When heaven and earth seemed leaguing to our aid,
To sally forth, and strike the fatal blow,
Or sell their loyal life-blood for my own!

Then had they died an honored death, and slept
Upon the glory-field the warrior's sleep;
But now, as coward captives, they are led
In worse than tyrant's fetters—fetters forged
As by this own right hand, which had been pledged
Forever to defend our race! Is this,
THIS MINTO, who has faced the cannon's mouth,
And heard unawed the savage yell, and whoop
Of battling hosts? Is this the troth of him
Who, by his father's God, hath sworn to guard
His chosen tribe, and save their altar-fires?
NO! be this arm forever blanched in death,
This heart torn quivering from its living home,
Ere it shall quail to wreak its vengeance on
My kindred's foemen! NO, hear it, ye rocks
Of adamant! I swear again by Him
Who e'er hath been our father's guardian Aid,
I SWEAR REVENGE UPON THE FOE, OR DEATH!
Where are my warrior-braves? Ye trusty few
Of MINTO, up! up from your deep retreats,
And, ere the morrow's dawn, we bury deep
Our tomahawks within the brain of each
Cursed white-man, or we die!"

His words died not
But in a whoop, which made the very mount
To quake, as shrill it rolled, in deafening peals,
Through all its riven clefts, and echoing sank
Along the wooded hills; and all again
Was hushed. No warrior's ear had caught his chief's
Dread signal-note; for all ere yet the sun
Had thrown its shadows o'er their homes, and lit

The mountain's crests, had by the white-man's
stern
Behest, gone forth; and, guarded now, were far
Beyond the sound of that which they had begged
That they might hear once more, and do or die.

The chieftain stands bending his listening ear
Prone toward the ground, to catch the answering
whoop;
But all, save his own echoed note, is still.
He rises, grasping firm his mantle, draws
It closer o'er his head, and treads, with slow
And measured pace, on toward the fearful brink.
One step, and all is wide, and dark, and void!
He pauses, looks adown the yawning chasm,
Deep on the crumbling rocks below: "NO, NO!
I will not hence, and gaze upon the hard
And cruel fate I have entailed upon
My warriors, kindred, children, all, and hear
Them, scornful pointing, say, 'There, there is he
Who basely sold us to a living death!'
No! NEVER will I hear such taunts. Here, HERE,
Upon my father's blood-bought soil shall be
My tomb; and when my warrior-kindred ask
For MINTO, tell, ye winds, ye mountain-rocks,
Tell all he died, died sacrificed for HOME!"

List! list! His quick, keen ear has caught a
sound!
"My father! father!" Wild, infuriate rage,
At instant seized the daring chief, as, with
A tiger's bound, he sprang forth toward the spot
Whence he had heard that cry, and rash

On her who gave it seizing, dashed, as though
A demon nerved his step, on headlong toward
The awful plunge! "Stay, oh, my father, stay
Thy maddened plan, and I will hence and kneel
Before yon foeman, will implore away
His unrelented cruelty, or bid
Him plunge in me his murderous blade! Oh! for
Thy daughter's sake; for her whom thou hast pledged
Defending, spare thy rash design: else soon
Around these truant winds, these listening rocks
Will herald this, thy monster deed of blood,
And all thy warriors hence will curse thy name,
And say, thou doom'st them to a lot thou would'st
Not with them share. Nay, if thou must, oh hurl
Me headlong down this yawning steep, and let
Me know I die to save my father, and
I die thus by his cherished hand, resigned!"

The chieftain's hand relaxed, and all unnerved,
He sinks, as lifeless, at her feet, and breathes
In whispers: "Why, my Wewa, why didst come
At this eventful hour to doom thy sire
To blighted fame! to rob him of his ALL?"

A pause—a lingered pause—steals on, as low
The chief bends o'er his weeping, pleading child.
Ah! see that upturned eye, that quivering lip
In silent, agonized devotion, as
There meets that noble soul the conflict of
Affection and the warrior's cowerless pride!
'Tis over; see, he rises, and with tears

Fast coursing down his furrowed cheeks, he clasps
His sobbing child, and, all-subdued, begins:

"Thanks untold to thee, mine own one,
Thanks that thou hast saved thy sire;
I had reft that loved and lone one
Of her chief, her last desire:
I had, but for thee alone,
Spilt thy dear blood with mine own.

Yes, had left in sootheless sorrow
Her I would in grief support;
I had brought on her to-morrow,
Loneliness without resort—
Had o'er all her future flung
Scenes with saddest memories hung.

I will go, and with her cheerful
Bear the wrong the white-man sends,
Though it bid mine eye be tearful,
And my heart with anguish rends:
I will westward lead my braves,
And together be our graves.

Fare thee well, thou loved and dearest
Spot which binds me now to earth;
Thou my dimming vision cheerest,
For thou art my place of birth;
I will leave thee, though in tears,
Leave, too, for more than years!

Aged CEDAR, long o'erspreading
That dear home which owns my all,

'Neath whose boughs my warriors treading
Thronged responsive to my call;
Yes, from thee I, too, will go,
Whilst the white-man lays thee low.

Ancient WIGWAM, where I sported
Ere I left my honored sire,
Where the sachems oft resorted,
And rebuilt the council-fire;
Lone, deserted, in decay,
I must leave thee—must away.

COUNCIL-FIRES, which once were burning,
Ye have gone forever out;
Chiefs, who were to you returning,
Heed no more the battle-shout;
They have gone, revered as brave,
To the glory-yielding grave.

HAUNTS, which many a memory waken,
Thrilling yet my heart anew,
You the white-man now hath taken;
Fields ancestral—all adieu!
Ye were mine, are others' now,
Ye must own the white-man's plow.

Fare thee well, thou placid RIVER,
Where my birch-canoe I plied,
Bear, ye waters, on forever,
Bear the pale-face on your tide:
I may blithely ply my oar
On thy tranquil wave no more.

Sparkling STREAMLETS and ye FOUNTAINS,
Flowing fresh and ever clear,
FOREST-RANGES, and ye MOUNTAINS,
Where I chased the bounding deer,
All my roaming now is done,
Save toward yonder setting sun.

Bowed in sorrow, I must leave you,
Leave and seek the far-off west;
Whilst the white-man must receive you,
By his treachery possessed:
I no more can with you dwell,
ALL, FOREVER, FARE YE WELL!

And, white-man, though repining,
I take my warriors hence,
My all to you resigning
With a recompense;
Oh! had ye been but others,
And thus my home had sought,
Nay, had ye been my brothers,
It had with blood been bought.

My warriors were but waiting
Their Sachem's signal whoop,
And they were vengeance sating
On your encroaching troop;
Their blood had glad been flowing,
Had they but heard command;
None, none alive were going
From this their father-land.

But stay, my tongue, from cursing
The agents of thy ill,

And cease in wrath rehearsing
The wrong they do thee still:
A Hand divine is noting
The injuries I bear,
And soon will be devoting
To wrath that will not spare.

Nay, hence I utter longer
No imprecating word;
I bow me to the stronger,
And take what ye accord:—
'Tis done, and I have sealed it,
Though ye the prize have won;
'Tis done, and I will yield it,
And seek the setting sun.

I yield you the possessions
Your avarice demands;
Go, take, on forced concessions,
Your basely gotten lands:
Yes, ye may have your longing,
The red-man's just domain;
Ye made it yours by wronging,
And glory in your gain,

Go, let your eagle's pinion
Float bannered o'er our homes,
Proclaiming your dominion,
Whilst far the Indian roams:
Go ye, in proud exulting,
Go, tell it to your sons,
Ye red-men were insulting,
Unscathed by battle-guns.

But, as ye tell the story,
  Ye gained it while ye live,
Tell ye, nor rob his glory,
  The Indian can forgive:
Yes, pale-face, he forgiveth
  The baseness of thy plot;
But, while a red-man liveth,
  IT WILL NOT BE FORGOT !"

He ceased, and turning takes his weeping child
And hand in hand adown that mountain wild,
With lingering step, and look of hope forlorn,
He goes to wait the eventful coming morn.

THE INDIAN'S APPEAL.

[Suggested by hearing a young lady sing the once popular song, "Let me go to my home in the far-distant West."]

SWEETLY plaintive, gentle stranger,
  Fell the music of that strain,
As thou sang'st the red-faced ranger
  Pleading for his wild domain:
Ah ! what though he vagrant wander,
  Where the red-men seldom come,
He of naught he finds is fonder
  Than his native forest-home.

Lady, strike anew that measure,
  Ere its cadences depart;

For it wakes a pensive pleasure
  Strangely thrilling through my heart:
Yes, I own that tears are falling,
  When is sung the red-man's song;
For its echoes are recalling
  Memories of the red-man's wrong.

See him there, as earnest pleading
  At his captor's feet he bends,
While that heart, his plaint unheeding,
  No benign relief extends:
Long the white-man has been spurning
  Scornfully his pressed request;
He no more is free returning
  To his distant, cherished West.

Lone he sits in heart-wrung sorrow,
  Far from those who fain would cheer;
For no hope-invested morrow
  Brings his longed departure near:
Scenes of mirth around him cluster,
  But their charms affect him not,
For his eye, in dimming lustre,
  Sights alone his hapless lot.

Howling winds, in omens dismal,
  Token winter's drear advance;
Nightly shades of hue abysmal,
  Winter's boded gloom enhance;
Lonely, all beside withdrawing,
  Sits he all-forsaken there,
Till despair, his vitals gnawing,
  Bids him breathe for death a prayer.

Ah ! 'tis heard; the night-wind, moaning,
O'er his couch a requiem sighs;
There, no kindred's kindness owning,
Lone the Indian captive dies!
Few, the wintry tempest braving,
Coffinless his corse inhume;
But no weeping willow waving
Marks the lonely pleader's tomb.

O'er the grave where he reposes,
Tread the white-man's careless feet;
There no mourner scatters roses,
There no friends a dirge repeat;
But he warrior-like is resting
On the laurels he had won,
Where his captors cease molesting,
For his weary race is run.

There the warrior's visions vanish,
There is hushed the battle-strife:
Death the victim's moan shall banish,
And the victor's bloody knife:
Toils of life no more encumber,
When is yielded up the breath;
Side by side the foemen slumber
In the bivouac of death.

Rest, then, there, red forest-rover,
Dreamless of thy former foes;
All thy warfare now is over,
Ended all thine earthly woes;
White-men are no more detaining
From thy dear one's smiling face;

From the home where love was reigning,
From thy children's fond embrace.

Marless be thy long reposing,
Till the night of ages end;
Till thine eyes, from death unclosing,
See the promised dawn ascend—
Dawn of earth's emancipation,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every tribe, and tongue, and nation
Shall the laws of peace obey!

Lo! it nears, the long predicted,
Long delayed, millennial morn,
When the burdened and afflicted,
When the wretched and forlorn,
When the watching and the waiting,
When the serving and the free,
Shall unite in celebrating
One unbroken JUBILEE!

1845.

THE INDIAN CHIEF'S PETITION.

[When a boy, the writer heard the Rev. S. Parker, D. D., deliver a lecture describing his travels west of the Rocky Mountains. A little incident was related in the lecture, which at the time made a deep impression. Dr. P. stated that, on one occasion, he was visited by an aged Indian chief, who had come a long distance to meet him, having heard of him from others who had previously met him. Being introduced, the old man stated his errand. "I have heard," said he, "that white-men possess a wonderful BOOK, which tells of a blessed LAND in the hereafter; of a beautiful CITY on a MOUNTAIN there, and of ONE who has gone to prepare MANSIONS for all, and has opened a WAY, so that even an Indian may go thither also. I have come to learn about that BOOK, and ask you to go, or send some one, to read and explain it to my people." This little incident is the foundation of the following piece, written in 1845.]

I HAVE heard of a LAND where afflictions are o'er,
Where the breast of the mourner is heaving no more,
Where the sick heart revives in a blissful repose,
And the eye, ever-beaming, no tearfulness knows:
I have heard of that LAND, but they tell me not where
Is the PATHWAY conducting unerringly there.

I have heard of the MOUNTAIN and valley below,
Where the waters of life unabatingly flow;
Where a tree for the healing of nations is seen
In perennial blooming, in permanent green;
And I heard, with a rapture untold, the account,
That the CHRISTIAN could point me the way to that MOUNT.

I have heard of a CITY of purified ones,
Where no night is enshrouding, no setting of suns;
Where no faint-gleaming stars, and no moon-
beams are seen,
But is shining unceasing a glory serene:
I have heard of that realm of consolidate day,
And I fain would behold it, but know not the WAY.

I have heard of a HOME, where the glorified dwell
Where the angels enrapturing melodies swell;
Where the ransomed unendingly sing of a love
Which hath buoyed them in trials and borne them
above;
I have heard of that HOME; 'tis the theme of my
prayer,
And long to possess an inheritance there.

I have heard that there MANSIONS not builded
with hands,
In emparadised beauty eternally stand,
By ONE only prepared, as a dying bequest,
For the stricken of earth, for the sorrow-oppres-
sed;
I have heard of it only, and hitherward come,
That the CHRISTIAN reveal me that holy ONE'S
name.

I have heard of a REST, yet I heard with a sigh,
For my heart was in gloom, and no comforter nigh,
And that spot of repose was afar and unknown;
But I come, I have come in my longing oppressed,
That the Christian may tell me the place of that
REST.

I have heard that a BOOK, which you have, can
instruct
Us the WAY to that LAND, to that MOUNTAIN
conduct;
That it tells of that CITY and HOME of the blest,
Of those MANSIONS eternal, that sorrowless REST;
And delay not, O Christian, deign on us to look,
And come read to my people that wonderful BOOK.

ROCK OF THE PASSAIC FALLS.

ROCK where the many come
Viewing thy waters' foam,
On thee I stand:
'Tis of thy chasmed walls,
Where its mad torrent falls,
Spurning command,
That thy Passaic's name
Claims an undying fame
In every land.

Rock of the misty cloud,
Where the bald eagle proud,
Leaving his prey
Free in his forest-home,
Came, and mid dashing foam,
Bathed in the spray,
Pluming his pinions light,
Ere, on his upward flight
Soaring away.

Rock of wild resonance,
Where the red hunter once
  Fearlessly stood,
Listeningly wondering,
Whilst tne loud thundering
  Roar of thy flood
Rolled through the firmament,
Strangely reverberant
  From hill and wood.

Broad from thy dizzy height
Roll on thy waters bright,
  Solemn as death,
As if all motionless,
Over the dark abyss,
  Gathering their breath,
Ere, on the awful bound,
Down, down the dread profound
  Plunging beneath.

Raging and struggling,
Far on the rocks they fling
  Madly their spray:
Billow its billow meets,
Shrouded in misty sheets,
  Scorning delay,
Whirling and eddying,
Many a foamy ring
  Floating away.

Spanning thine awful brow
Brighter and fainter now,
  Changeful in glow,

Circled in halos bright,
Image of holy light,
  Beams heaven's bow,
Calmly, sublimely throned,
Whilst the deep ocean-toned
  Storm raves below.

Wide from thy chasm deep
Boiling the waters sweep,
  Fitful and slow;
Foamy, yet rippleless,
Bound to the far abyss,
  Onward they flow,
Claiming paternity
Now with the briny sea,
  Whither they go.

Rock where the warriors* stood,
Long may Passaic's flood
  Over thee pour,
Deep as the ocean's moan,
Ceaseless its solemn tone
  Resonant roar,
Till the last trumpet's blast
Bid thy wild chasms cast
  Echoes no more.

1845.

* Washington and Lafayette, who visited together these Falls while their troops were stationed at TOTAWA (as the spot was then called), in the winter of 1780. The initials G. W. are still to be seen cut in the rock below the cataract.

THE DELAWARE.

[Suggested on viewing the Delaware, one beautiful summer evening, from HILL-TOP, Bordentown, N. J.]

HAIL! thou prince of noble rivers,
On whose lofty bank I stand,
Listening, as each leaflet quivers,
Trilled by evening zephyrs bland—
Listening, while I gazing muse
On thy landscape's sun-lit views.

Onward trending to the ocean,
Glide the sport of many an oar,
Till thy gently rippling motion
Heave in breakers on its shore—
Till thy waters, mingling there,
Cease to own thee, Delaware.

Once the Indian forest-ranger
Launched on thee his birch-canoe,
And, unawed by foe or danger,
O'er thy crested ripples flew;
But no more the red-man rows
Where thy gurgling current flows.

Once the CHIFF of chieftains chosen,
Anxious on thy margin stood,
Gazing on thee, dark and frozen,
On thy icy-rolling flood—
Gazing, while his shivering bands
Wait unshrinking his commands.

Winter's storm, and night appalling,
Fill with double dread thy waves;
He, though fierce the sleet is falling,
Cheers them onward, cheers his braves;
Yes, undaunted he has there,
Bid them cross thee, Delaware.

Cold and dark thy sullen waters
Roll around his dauntless few,
Whilst their Chieftain, nerved to slaughters,
Leads them boldly, leads them through—
Leads, and with the morning sun,
Conquest crowns our WASHINGTON!

On our eagle's bannered pinions
Wide is borne the victor's fame,
Till, through freedom's owned dominions,
All have echoed back his name;
Till the flag, that morn unfurled,
Signalled freedom to the world!

Hail again, thou classic river,
Hail for scenes of other days,
When the might of freedom's Giver
Crowned our arms with fadeless bays—
Crowned, and while those wreaths are there,
Thou art honored, Delaware.

Freighted with the wealth of nations,
Borne to thee from distant climes,
May thy banks the consternations
Know no more of early times;
But may fleets of commerce glide
Ever safely on thy tide.

1845.

THE BLIND MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

"Sterben ist nichs, doch laben und nicht sehen,
Das ist ein ungluck."—*Schiller's William Tell.*

To die is naught, but live and not to see,
That is misfortune.

I COULD lay me down in the lowly tomb,
Where my dearest friends are reposing:
I could doff these robes, and the shroud assume,
Which the slumbering dead is enclosing;
For there's rest in the grave for the weary one,
And his sorrow is o'er and his toil is done.

I could leave these hills where I love to roam,
And the haunts where I oft have sported;
I could bid adieu to my childhood's home,
And the grove where long I resorted;
I could turn from them all, and in calmness go
O'er the dark-rolling waves of the stream of woe.

But to live 'mid the scenes that can give delight,
And to know that they all are forbidden,
And within the gloom of a mornless night,
Thus to feel that my life must be hidden—
Ah! methinks that the pangs of my parting breath
Were a welcome release from this living death.

Yes, adieu, ye scenes I have cherished long,
And the charms ye bright were unfolding;
These beclouded orbs, though ye round me throng,
From this breast your joys are withholding:

Ye are gone, ye are gone in returnless flight,
Ye can greet me no more with your charming
sight.

They present me oft with a lovely rose,
And they tell me, too, of its blushing;
While perchance they gaze, as the tear-drop flows,
And they ask me why it is gushing.
Ah! they think that the pleasures its sweets impart
Can restore me the joys which have fled my
heart.

Yet repine not, my heart, ah! repine no more
O'er the scenes thou wast once possessing,
But submissive bow, and the Hand adore
Which in love hath withdrawn the blessing:
'Tis a Father who quencheth for thee the light,
'Tis a Father who bringeth this dawnless night.

I will sit me down in my hapless lot,
And will tell to none my emotion;
I will take my harp, though I see it not,
And will tune its strains to devotion;
I will sing to its notes, and will soothe my grief,
Till His messenger cometh to bring relief.

1846.

ANGEL WHISPERS.

OFT on mine ear there cometh,
  In accents soft and low,
As when th' Æolian hummeth,
  Or echoes come and go,
A voice, as from the spirits' home,
That sweetly whispers, Pilgrim, come!

When eventide concealeth
  The fading light's retreat,
That voice upon me stealeth,
  As gently and as sweet
As zephyrs through the aspen play,
And whispers, Pilgrim, come away!

As pensively I nightly
  Betake me to the hill,
To listen to the sprightly
  Yet plaintive whip-poor-will;
Still, echoed in her thrilling lay,
I hear the whisper, Come away!

As night apace advanceth
  Upon me all alone,
And gay the moon-beam danceth
  To night-winds' cheerless moan,
Soft through the midnight's deepening gloom,
I hear the whisper, Pilgrim, come!

When morn, in freshened beauty,
  Hath signaled night away,
And I, at call of duty,
  Arise to greet the day,
Still, echoed in the insects' hum,
I hear the whisper, Pilgrim, come!

I stroll beside the river,
  To breathe its balmy air,
And, in each leaflet's quiver,
  I hear it everywhere,
In echoing whispers sweetly say,
Come, weary pilgrim, come away!

Around me, as are falling
  The voices of the past,
Sad memories recalling
  Of scenes with gloom o'ercast,
Down through their corridors of gloom
In soothing tone those whispers come.

Where e'er my footstep trampeth,
  In darkness or in light,
God's angel-host encampeth
  Around me day and night;
And many a time their whispers weird
Have my disheartened spirit cheered.

And as the years are going,
  Those whispers nearer come,
Till I am weary growing,
  And long to reach my home,
Where whispers cease, and voices blend,
And pilgrimage is at an end.

1845.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

[This little poem was written in 1843, and first published, in slightly varied form, in No. 1534 of *The Boston Recorder*, since merged into *The Congregationalist*. A few of the verses were shortly afterward set to music by Professor W. W. Woodbury, and published by him, without acknowledgment, in the *Dulcimer*.]

I LOVE to stroll lone, at the set of day,
To visit the church-yard over the way,
And watch, as the lingering shadows play
O'er my mother's grave.

I love, as the beams on the mountain stay,
To think that her guardian spirit may
Unseen on the zephyrs at evening stray
O'er my mother's grave.

I love, as the hour of the twilight nears,
And mellow its light through the grove appears,
To sit by the marble and vent my tears
O'er my mother's grave.

I love to kneel down on the green turf there,
Afar from the scene of my daily care,
And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer
O'er my mother's grave.

I love still to stay, where my mother sleeps,
And gaze on each star, as it twinkling peeps
Aslant through the willow that lonely weeps
O'er my mother's grave.

I love, as the moon through the grove is seen
O'erspreading the tombs with a darker green,
To think of the past, as I silently lean
O'er my mother's grave.

I love to remember how oft she led,
And knelt me by her, as with God she plead,
That I might be His, when the clods were spread
O'er my mother's grave.

I love there to think, though low 'neath the ground
She slumbers in death, as a captive bound,
She'll slumber no more, when the trumpet shall sound
O'er my mother's grave.

I love to reflect that the time is nigh,
When cold in the tomb though my dust shall lie,
I then, with my mother, shall no more sigh
O'er my mother's grave.

Then chide me not rudely, ye passing few,
Who watch, as I go when the day is through,
To mingle my tears with the falling dew
O'er my mother's grave.

For precious the dust that is sleeping here,
And sacred the spot it has made so dear,
And sweet is the trickle of falling tear
O'er my mother's grave.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE REVISITED.

LET me here awhile alone,
Where the weeping willows wave,
Sit beside the lowly stone,
Which, though by the world unknown,
And with mosses overgrown,
Marks my sainted mother's grave.

Chide me not, if welling tears
From their hidden fountains gush;
For mine eye in vision peers
Down the vista dim of years,
And, as distance seeming nears,
Tender memories round me rush.

Meet it is that thus I should
Vent emotion full and free;
Mother, when no other could,
Tireless watching by me stood;
Mother, when no other would,
Kind and loving, cared for me.

But her work on earth is done,
All she sought or undertook;
Now hath death the victory won,
And at length her race is run,
But, with endless bliss begun,
Casts she back no wistful look.

Dies for her affection not,
  As the years go silent by;
Hers no more an earthly lot,
Hers a name without a blot,
And she cannot be forgot,
  Till this heart in death shall lie.

Years may come, and years may go,
  Bringing with them toil and cares;
But while life is mine below,
This in fullest trust I know:
Blessings will not cease to flow
  From my mother's answered prayers.

A SISTER GONE.

WHEN the spring had come, and the merry hum
  Of insects blithe was ringing,
And the caroled strains on the emerald plains
  Were the birds in rapture singing;

When the floweret's hue o'er the meadows threw
  The enchanted look of blessing—
It was then his blow was the king of woe
  On the one we loved impressing.

All was gay and bright, and had brought delight,
  Had we heard her song of gladness;
But her voice was mute, and unstrung her lute,
  And our hearts are bowed in sadness.

Though the flowers assume their attire of bloom,
They awake in us no pleasure;
For we think of her whose delight they were,
Ere we gave the tomb its treasure.

She had bid inclose in her urn a rose,
As an emblem of affection;
And we wreathed it there in her auburn hair,
As a type of resurrection.

Sad we laid her down in her burial gown,
As devotion was impelling;
And, with measured tread, we conveyed the dead
To her lone and lowly dwelling.

Ah! upon that bier fell the gushing tear
For the one we loved so dearly;
For a sister gone, as the cheering dawn
Of her life had opened merely.

She had come to bless, and return caress,
And to throw a halo o'er us;
Yet to fade and die, and untimely lie
In the cheerless grave before us.

But we will not mourn as for one forlorn;
'Tis our Father who removed her,
And we bid adieu, but to meet anew
In the home of Him who loved her.

1845.

INFANCY'S DECAY.

[Addressed to mother on the death of her infant daughter.]

I SAW a rose at morning
  Bloom on its native stem,
Mid dew-drops, whose adorning
  Seemed each a brilliant gem:
I deemed that flower supremely blest,
It seemed for earth too sweetly drest.

A breeze was gently playing
  Upon its fragrant head,
And freshly round conveying
  The perfume which it shed:
It looked so sweet, that, in compare,
It seemed of all the only fair.

While morn was earth pervading,
  I saw that rose again;
But ah! its bloom was fading,
  No more as it had been;
And yet its fragrance was not gone,
It seemed e'en sweeter than at dawn.

There, lo! within was lying
  The cause of its decay;
A worm, in secret prying,
  Had gnawed its germ away:
Oh! must that rose, so sweet at morn,
Be thus untimely, rudely torn?

I saw an infant dreaming
  Upon her mother's arms,
Her face with smiles was beaming
  Of more than earthly charms:
She seemed in angel-beauty dressed,
Nay, seemed herself a spirit blest.

Ere infancy had vanished
  I saw that babe again,
But lo! disease had banished
  The beauty blooming there;
A smile, indeed, sat sweetly there—
A smile, as of a cherub fair.

Ere childhood ceased its dawning,
  There came a cloud of gloom,
And soon, dear babe, was yawning
  For thee an open tomb;
Thou wast indeed too sweet for earth,
And heaven alone could prize thy worth.

Yet sleep'st thou not, blest spirit,
  Within the silent tomb,
A crown thou dost inherit,
  In thy eternal home;
And there methinks I see thee now,
With wreath of glory on thy brow.

1845.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL TO EARTH.

YE scenes of earth-pleasures so bright and gay,
Oh, swiftly, how swiftly, ye pass away!
I welcomed your greeting,
But ah! in your meeting,
Like mists ye are fleeting,
That vanish in air at the dawn of day

Ye phantoms of bliss, as around me ye play,
I grasp to detain, and invoke your stay:
My efforts defeating,
Ye all are retreating,
And leave me repeating,
"We live but a season, we court decay."

Ye visions of beauty, the smiles ye wore
Have faded away, and your charm is o'er:
In gladsome pursuing,
Full oft was I wooing
The gifts ye were strewing;
But ah! they are gone, and ye strew no more.

Ah! yes, though ye temptingly o'er me shone,
Ye dreamings of pleasure, ye all are flown;
And time, all-consuming,
Your emptiness dooming,
E'en now is entombing
The objects ye vainly had bid me own.

Ye images bright, that in future loom,
Ye, too, with your glamour, are wrapt in gloom:
With promise appealing,
My joy ye were stealing,
And now are revealing
For all ye betokened the darkened tomb.

Away, ye delusions! ye but decoy;
I own you no more, I renounce your joy;
I heard your assuring,
And thought it enduring,
But, ever alluring,
Ye bow me in grief, and my soul annoy.

Ah! home of endearment, the scene is nigh,
The scene that must sever each earthly tie;
Though thou art endearing,
Lo! visions appearing,
Unspeakably cheering,
Are pointing away to my home on high.

Farewell, ye resorts of my early days,
Where memory wistfully often strays;
Without a regretting,
I leave you, forgetting
The snares ye were setting,
And enter where never a good decays.

Ye friends of my youth, it is hard from you
To part, and to bid you a long adieu:
Yet cease we our weeping,
The sheaves we are reaping
Are garnered in keeping,
That from them a glory exceeding accrue.

Soft, listen! I hear it, the distant bell,
That soon must be rung as my funeral knell:
Ah! ne'er shall that tolling,
Which death is controlling,
While ages are rolling,
Be heard in the home where the ransomed dwell.

No longer, ye loved ones, no longer detain,
I long to be freed from this battle of pain:
Oh! hail, calm of ages,
Whose prospect engages,
Hail, blissful presages,
That token the dawn of eternal day.

He cometh, he cometh, the king of woe!
I welcome his summons, I wait his blow:
Lo! angels descending,
Are round me attending,
Their spirit-wings lending,
To carry me home! and I go, I go!

1845.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

VOYAGER on life's stormy sea,
Is the sky its clouds dispelling?
Is the deep its surges quelling,
Freshening breeze thy canvas swelling,
Wafting onward calm and free?

Does the billow as it flows,
Purling low, as in devotion,

Does the gently heaving motion
Of the ever-restless ocean
Tend to lull thee to repose?

Wake! thou'rt on a treacherous deep;
Seaward o'er the welkin steering,
See yon fleecy cloud appearing,
Voyager, mark! that fast is nearing;
Wake, and watch incessant keep.

Rise, and reef the flapping sail;
See, it nearer, denser looming,
See the storm-look heaven's assuming,
List! the breakers distant booming,
Up, prepare thee for the gale.

See, in foldings still more dark,
On it fearful is advancing,
See the lightning, thwart it glancing,
Whilst its luridness enhancing,
Threats to wreck thy fragile bark.

Pilot, up! and seize the helm,
Sit not there in mute demurring,
See, the heavens are all obscuring,
Rise! thy sail-yards well securing,
Up ere ocean's surges whelm.

Up, and man secure each post;
Look! the murky gloom impending,
Dire tornado's blast portending;
Hark! dread thunder-peal heaven rending!
Up at once, or thou art lost!

FLEETING.

"Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Col. iii. 2.

EARTH'S sweetest joys, how fleeting!
They scarcely yield a greeting
  Ere they have bid farewell:
These trials, and these blessings,
These sorrows and caressings,
  But tell us where we dwell.

They tell us we are mortal,
They open us death's portal,
  We look, and are withdrawn:
Oh! can we count earth's pleasures
As valued, lasting treasures,
  Whilst tombs beside us yawn?

Up, Christian! they betray thee,
They would fore'er delay thee
  From thy celestial crown:
Beware of their alluring,
They are not then enduring,
  When life's bright sun goes down.

Uplift thine eyes above thee,
And let not sorrows move thee,
  Nor aught of sense betray;
Lo! earth-charms are around thee,

Which lure not but to wound thee,
  And take thy crown away.

Then up, thy zeal redouble,
And shrink not here at trouble,
  Though it would oft appall;
Thy toil will not be ended,
Thy crown not apprehended,
  Till thou hast vanquished all.

Till then, hope not cessation,
Nor stand in trepidation,
  As shrinking from thy foes;
For, brother, thou must meet them,
And openly defeat them,
  Howe'er they may oppose.

But lo! the time is nearing,
When foes whom thou art fearing
  Shall flee before thy Lord;
For He Himself defends thee,
His angel-guard attends thee,
  And will from danger ward.

What though death's angry surges,
As it to view emerges,
  Awake a shudder-thrill;
He who can bid the ocean
Allay its troubled motion,
  Can death's dark waters still.

What though life's sun grows dimmer,
Till faint and fainter glimmer

The rays it lately gave;
Grieve not at its departing,
Nor let alarm be starting:
Hope dawneth on the grave.

Then, brother, cease to cherish
The things which soon must perish,
Though counted ne'er so dear;
Dote not on earth's connections,
Above set thine affections,
Where never starts a tear.

Right onward press unceasing,
For lurements are increasing,
And thick the snares of sin;
The fight may be the sternest,
But only those in earnest
A crown of glory win.

There kingly thrones are waiting,
And joys, with no abating,
As countless years advance:
There Jesus stands inviting,
There seraphs are uniting,
Heaven's raptures to enhance.

List! anthems sweet are ringing,
Angelic choirs are singing;
On embassage they come,
Sent by the mansion Giver
To waft thee o'er the river,
And land thee safe at home.

1845.

TIME'S SEPARATIONS.

[Addressed to a dear friend at parting.]

ACCEPT, dear friend, this token
Of ties which are unbroken,
  And never can decay;
For ties of Christian spirits
Eternity inherits,
  When time has passed away.

Time's work is separations,
Farewells his revelations,
  That friend from friend must part:
He sees not here a union
Of sweet and blest communion,
  But aims at it his dart.

But time has limits set it,
And though we may regret it,
  Those limits are the best:
I would not live here alway,
For death is but the hall-way
  To mansions of the blest.

You've seen a flower in blooming
Its beauty scarce assuming
  Ere drooping in decay:
You've seen the friends you cherish,
As if but born to perish,
  Untimely pass away.

Ah! each has known the feeling,
Each had the tear-drop stealing
  Unbidden from the eye:
Full oft these hearts have smarted,
As we from them are parted,
  And friends and kindred die.

And oh! how hard and trying,
When those we love are dying,
  To bless the Hand that gave:
Ah! hard the heart's controlling,
When, at the bell's slow tolling,
  We bear them to the grave.

But soon these scenes that bind us
We, too, must leave behind us,
  For those which now are new:
That mother, now so tender,
That father, we must render
  Ere long a last adieu.

That sister's sweet affection,
That brother's kind protection,
  Must soon be ours no more,
Till where no foe is wronging,
Where ransomed saints are thronging,
  We count our sorrows o'er.

These home-ties, which now hold us
These loved ones who enfold us
  In tenderness and love,
Will soon detain no longer,
For ties that are far stronger
  Are drawing us above.

And why desire to linger,
When the Redeemer's finger
  Is pointing to His home?
Though all be dark and fearful,
With Jesus we may cheerful
  Descend the vale of gloom.

Why let life's ills alarm us?
Their terrors cannot harm us,
  With Jesus at our side;
Why, too, should death unnerve us,
Since transit it must serve us
  Across the swelling tide?

But do life's trials thicken?
Do oft our spirits sicken
  At sight of present woes?
We'll yield not to repining,
But, trustful all resigning,
  In Jesus find repose.

'Tis sweet, when ills oppress us,
When anxious thoughts distress us,
  The Saviour's smile to meet:
Since He for us is caring,
'Tis sweet, our burdens bearing,
  To lay them at His feet.

There, in resigned devotion,
His Spirit starts emotion
  That renovates the soul;
Though heart be almost breaking,
He soothes the pain and aching,
  And sanctifies the whole.

What though temptations fret us,
Though snares around beset us,
  And lurk on every side;
We do not need to fear them,
For howsoever near them,
  Our Saviour is our guide.

Though legion foemen rally,
Though life's o'ershaded valley
  With countless thorns be strown;
Yet angel-guards attend us,
And loved ones, too, befriend us,
  Who once on earth were known.

Yes, they are hovering o'er us,
Who trod in gloom before us,
  This vale of dreaded woes:
Methinks they beckon to us,
And oft, when foes pursue us,
  They shield us from their blows.

Then let us never, quailing,
Our lot in life bewailing,
  Sit brooding here in gloom,
Nor feel that we are lonely,
For separations only
  Advance us nearer home.

Not far the way remaining,
Nor long, ere each, attaining,
  Shall pass beyond life's goal:
Not long ere, life completed,
Each shall at home be greeted
  A heaven-enfranchised soul.

1845.

FAREWELL TO A SISTER ON LEAVING HOME.

FAREWELL, sister, we must sever,
We may linger here no more;
All that would have bound us ever
Whispers now these scenes are o'er—
Scenes we fain would fondly treasure,
Scenes of infancy's caress.
Scenes, which e'er will thrill with pleasure
While remembrance we possess.

Yes, though dear, as we review them,
We must count them now as gone;
We may hence no more renew them,
As they were in childhood's dawn:
Yet, shall we in grief deplore them?
Shall we wish them e'er to last?
Ah! the pall of time is o'er them,
They are shrouded in the past.

Long we lived in sweet communion,
Long have youth's attachments grown,
And have twined for us a union,
Which we never can disown;
Yes, a union which shall band us,
And exhibit no decay,
Though the cares of life demand us,
And we far may be away.

Tell me not that those remaining
  Can the parted ones restore,
For the thought that most is paining
  Is, We meet the gone no more:
Scenes may change, and hearts may gladden,
  As have those who are withdrawn,
Yet returns the thought, to sadden,
  These bring not to us the gone.

But before thee, see appearing
  Scenes which chide thy longer stay,
Life's accepted duties nearing,
  Smiling beckon thee away;
Sister, go and share their blessing,
  Go and own thy plighted choice;
May thy future, in possessing,
  Equal its enchanting voice.

All it whispers as inviting,
  All that hope hath flushed with light,
All of good it is inditing,
  Yields thee unalloyed delight ;
Friends may fail, and joys may vanish,
  Beauty fade, and youth decay,
Yet may life's fruition banish
  All that steals its bliss away.

Brightly beams life's morn before thee,
  Cloudless and serene its sky;
May it shine in splendor o'er thee,
  Till it merge Eternity!
Go, and e'er my prayers attend thee,
  E'er thou hast a brother's faith,

Still to aid, and still defend thee,
Till his heart is cold in death.

Yes, 'tis come, the parting moment,
Parting from the old abode,
From the home of love's bestowment,
Each to tread a separate road;
We have spoken words of parting,
We have said to each, Adieu!
And the tear, unbidden starting,
Told that love was strong and true.

Told the depth of that affection
Which a sister's heart can feel,
Told that there may be connection
Which no language can reveal,
Told a sister still will cherish
For a brother only love,
Told that nought of love can perish
That hath kin to that above.

Fare thee well! and if our meeting
Not again on earth may come,
Yet a far more blissful greeting
Waits us in a brighter home!
Though it be the last that ever
Here may bid our bosoms swell,
Duty calls, and ere we sever,
Sister, once again, FAREWELL!

1845.

A REQUIEM.

[Suggested by a visit to a new-made grave of a friend.]

REST thee, pilgrim, from thy toiling,
Now no more by ills oppressed,
Where the wicked cease embroiling,
And the weary are at rest:
Naught of sorrow
Now can e'er disturb thy breast.

Sleep thy dust in marless slumbers,
Till the night of ages end,
Where no earthly foe encumbers,
Where the dust with dust shall blend,
Whilst thy spirit
Mounts to thy Redeemer-Friend.

Here the rage of human malice
Urges friend with friend to strife:
There thou drinkest of a chalice
Yielding bliss to endless life,
Far forever
From the realms where wrath is rife.

Thou has gone where seraphs meet thee,
Mid the throng of ransomed ones;
Where thy Father's accents greet thee,
Welcoming among His sons,
Where life's current
Fresh to cheer thee ever runs.

Thou hast gone, yet, ere thy starting,
Thou hadst caught the blissful song,
Which the angels, at thy starting,
Sang as welcome to their throng,
Glad inviting
Thee that anthem to prolong.

Thou hast gone, yet calm, resigning,
Thou didst face the king of woe,
Counting it but His assigning,
Who had bid him aim his blow,
Gladly leaving
All thy sorrows here below.

Thou hast gone to meet thine own one
Who arose before thee there;
Now thou sit'st no more as lone one
In thy home of widowed care:
Bright in glory
Thou thy promised crown dost wear.

Loved one, though we sighs were heaving
From the pang death bade us own,
Yet we sit no longer grieving,
Thee we can no more bemoan:
Thou art risen
To a ransomed victor's throne.

1845.

MRS. ANNA (WARD) MORRISON.

[Suggested by reading her Memoirs. She was the daughter of Eleazar D. Ward, M. D., of Bloomfield, N. J., and the wife of the Rev. John H. Morrison, missionary to Lodiana, Northern India. She died of Asiatic cholera, April 28, 1838, at Calcutta, India, just three weeks after their arrival there from America.]

HARK! from the heathen a wail of privation
Comes o'er the ocean in echoes of grief,
Men of the Gospel, who tell of salvation,
Come, ere we perish, and bring us relief.

Sad was the strain, for the souls of the Hindoo
Long had been held in idolatry's thrall;
"Go, preach My Gospel, and lo! I am with you";
Jesus had bid, but few heeded the call.

Long, too, the Church had been praying in sorrow,
Asking in vain, Who will go to their aid?
Many were waiting a brighter to-morrow,
Shrinking the while from the service, dismayed.

Lo! to the summons at length, on commission,
Ardent a band for the sacrifice glow;
Anna among them, in cheerful submission,
Answered, "Sustained by Thy grace, I will go."

Yes, from the home of her youth o'er the ocean,
She to the land of idolatry goes,
Burning with zeal and with Christian devotion,
Trusting in Him who in triumph arose.

Anna departs, but that hour of departure
  Deep has engraved her remembrance and love;
Cheerful, though tearful, she points to the future,
  "Yonder we meet in the mansions above."

See her now joyfully haste on her mission;
  Ocean is heaving, the storm is abroad,
Still she is tranquil, her only ambition
  Is but to honor her Saviour and God.

Sickness o'ertakes her, and on the dark billow,
  Death-boding paleness is blanching her face,
Yet her Redeemer is soothing her pillow,
  Trying her gently, and ripening in grace.

Yes, she has reached it, the land of the dying,
  Reached it to tell them a Saviour has come;
Yearns she to bear to the weary and sighing,
  Tidings of rest in a sorrowless home.

Hark! o'er the waters a death-knell is pealing,
  Angels are wafting some soul to its rest;
Ah! it is ANNA'S; her Saviour is sealing
  Her for His own in the home of the blest.

Far she had gone with her mission before her,
  There in the land of the heathen to die;
Soon she was taken, but shall we deplore her?
  Jesus had need of her presence on high.

There, 'mid the ransomed, her voice is uniting,
  Tuned to their new and melodious song;
They to their anthem are Anna inviting
  Sweetly its rapturous strains to prolong.

See her, anon, on a mission delighted,
  Down from the mansions of Paradise sent,
Bearing, for hopes which so early were blighted,
  Cheer to the hearts that so rudely were rent.

"Husband," she whispers, "in loneliness toiling,
  Reft so untimely of her thou wouldst stay,
Cease from repining, for Jesus is spoiling
  Shafts of the spoiler who took me away.

Kindred, deplore not, your Anna in heaven
  Waits but to hail you ascending on high,
Soon will the welcoming message be given,
  Calling you, too, to your home in the sky.

There in the body my work is completed,
  Death has removed, but no victory won;
Jesus, our Captain, is never defeated,
  Workers may die, but the work will go on."

1845.

LIFE A SWEET REFRAIN.

How smoothly through the yielding air
  The red-breast wings her flight alone,
And leaves no trace, no parting there,
  To mark the space where she hath flown;
Her song, those sweet, melodious notes,
  That linger long upon the ear,
Are all she leaves, and all devotes,
  To tell that she hath flown so near.

How charming through the valley flows
The river in its sun-lit sheen,
While recompensive as it goes,
It fringes all its banks with green;
Wherever, from its mountain source,
It winding holds its way along,
It scatters blessings in its course,
And all its murmur is a song.

So, too, may I in life float on,
And leave behind no marring trace
To tell the world, when I am gone,
That I have lived to curse my race;
But some kind deed, some sweet refrain,
Some good to others done, bequeath,
Which they shall love to call again,
When I am slumbering cold in death.

1846.

CHERISH THE HEART THAT LOVES YOU.

"This world has many pleasures between the cradle and the grave; yet, alas! how many of them are futile and vain! But the sweetest of them all, and one that will never decay, is to CHERISH THE HEART THAT LOVES YOU."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE heart that only broodeth in secret o'er its own
Is but a stagnant water, that breedeth death alone,
Though all around be blooming, and lighted with a smile,
A dark and dead miasma o'erhangs it all the while.

There is a heart that loveth, yet loveth not its own;
There is a breast that heaveth, and heaveth with a moan;
O'er every seeming sorrow, o'er every plaintive lay,
It weepeth, weepeth, weepeth, and throws its tears away.

The eye that weepeth ever, but telleth in its tears,
It weepeth not discerning, it is, as it appears,
A pool of turbid waters: when footstep treadeth near,
It bubbleth, bubbleth, bubbleth, and never floweth clear.

It is the eye that filleth, when bidden by the heart,
It is the tear that gusheth, and knoweth when to start,
That may demand a kindred expression of its grief,
That cools the burning anguish, and bringeth a relief.

Oh! give me not the feeling, oh! give me not the sigh,
If it is not expressive of a heart in sympathy—
A sympathy enduring, when sorrows sting the soul,
And leave behind an anguish which tears cannot control.

Oh! give a heart that loveth, that loveth ALL its own,
When fortune gaily smileth, when pleasures all are flown,
That closer than a brother is clinging in distress,
And transmutes grief to gladness by soothing tenderness.

That mingles a petition in every gushing tear,
And calleth down a blessing on whom it holdeth dear;
A higher, holier comfort than human heart can bring,
That leadeth to the fountain of bliss the only spring.

Oh! is there aught that opens so sweet a joy as this,
To love the heart that loves you, and own responsive bliss?
A fount that ever floweth, and yieldeth as it flows
The purest of earth's blessings, the antidote of woes.

Beneath the spreading banyan, beneath the mangrove's shade,
Or far where polar icebergs eternally are laid,
Where blest New England's mildness o'erspreads its lovely plains,
Its hills and hoary mountains, where freedom proudly reigns:

Where'er thou mayest wander, in palace or in cot,
In homes of twined affection, where friends are unforgot,
Whate'er be thy connections, whate'er thou mayest own,
Oh! LOVE THE HEART THAT LOVES YOU, AND CHERISH IT ALONE.

1845.

RESPECT THINE AGED FATHER.

RESPECT thine aged father, whose head, now white with years,
Hath borne full many a sorrow along the vale of tears;
Go, let those fevered temples, that sere and wrinkled brow,
Be held of warm affection as only sacred now.

Respect thine aged father; he may not long remain
Here with that feeble body, that tenement of pain;
Each hour which overpasses but measures out that breath,
Each pang he feels but ringeth anew the knell of death.

Respect thine aged father, though in its forced review,
Fond memory may treasure what it could wish untrue;

Oh ! bury hence forever each past infirmity,
Thy father's age demandeth forgiveness now from thee.

Respect thine aged father: long ere thou couldst impart
Aught save thy young delinquence to win a parent's heart,
Did he forbear thy folly, and o'er thy welfare yearn;
And owest thou not that father no gladly owned return ?

Soon 'neath the verdant valley shall sleep that hoary head,
Where naught can e'er recover a pardon from the dead;
Go, ere his life be numbered with the forgotten past,
Go, crave thy father's blessing, and deem it thine at last.

Respect thine aged father, and from that dimming eye,
Chase every tear of anguish, soothe every burdened sigh;
Thus let above his pathway so lonely to the tomb,
A radiant halo gather, dispelling all its gloom.

Then, when that eye no longer shall beam upon his child;
When death shall blanch those features, that once so fondly smiled,
Then, though unseen, and silent as evening dews distil,
Thy father's heard petitions shall fall upon thee still.

1846.

LIFE A PILGRIMAGE.

ALL are here as pilgrims passing,
Through a varied wilderness:
Some may find the way harassing,
Yet they ever onward press;
None go back who once have started,
None return who once have passed,
Few are missed of those departed,
For the caravan is vast.

Some essay the mountain passes,
Buffeting the stormy gales;
Others wend along morasses,
Tempted by the flowery vales;
While the way along the mountains
Traverses the tangled woods,
Over those by lowland fountains
Oft a rank miasma broods.

Some their names in rock are graving,
Some inscribe theirs on the sand;
Piece by piece the rock is caving,
Ceaseless surges wash the strand;
Names remain not long beholden,
For the passers linger not;
Soon the new becomes the olden,
And the old is soon forgot.

While by some are banquets eaten
Served with viands rich and rare,

Most, where hard the way is beaten,
  Eat the pilgrim's scanty fare;
Toil and care, and want and anguish
  Fill the lives of some with grief,
Some throughout in sorrow languish,
  And they never find relief.

Some may springs of joy discover,
  Some may golden treasures find,
But they round them may not hover,
  All must soon be left behind;
Most, as pilgrims, worn and weary
  Find the journey rough at best,
All, ere past its reaches dreary,
  Learn that this is not their rest.

TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

YOUNG mother, but yesterday joy on thee smiled,
As tenderly, smilingly, clasping thy child;
Where hence hath that joyousness fled from thy brow,
And why inconsolably weepest thou now?

Ah! stranger, why askest me thus to reveal,
What only a mother's heart fully can feel?
For words, could they tell it thee, fathom not grief,
They measure not sorrow, nor bring its relief.

There, pale on that lowly couch, slumbers in death
What lately so sweetly was drawing its breath:
Go, stranger, and read in that cold, sunken eye,
Why heaveth unbidden so often a sigh.

Full oft is affection still calling it sleep,
As I by it sit and in loneliness weep;
But e'er as I gaze on that motionless head,
That vacant eye whispers, My darling is DEAD!

Fond mother, oh! linger not oft and again,
In tenderness gazing, as if to retain;
Lo! death hath but cradled her sweetly to rest
Where pain is unknown—in the home of the blest.

No longer disconsolate weep o'èr the loved,
For God, who hath given, Himself hath removed;
There leave in His keeping the jewel He gave,
Since only the casket is laid in the grave.

He gave, and hath taken her soon as His own,
Lo! there now thy darling is filling a throne,
And chants 'mid the glorified, rapturous strains,
Where Jesus, her Saviour, eternally reigns.

Ere long shall ye there, where the sainted are known,
Together emparadised meet and reown:
Lo! there she a diadem wreatheth thee now,
And soon shall its radiance circle thy brow.

1846.

THE INEXORABLE STREAM.

THERE sported a child, by a streamlet's side,
At noon on a summer's day,
And oft as he turned to its rippled tide,
He asked that its waters stay,

He plucked of the flowers that around him grew,
And plaited a garland fair,
And far on the gurgling waves he threw
The wreath he had twined him there.

Exultant he stood, in his infant glee,
And looked that its waters cease;
But onward they danced to their parent sea,
Nor aught for his boon decrease.

Reclining anew on the flowery glade,
He gazed at his wreath, and wept;
While far on the crested foam it played,
And onward and onward lept.

The sun was yet high, and in folded form,
The clouds, as they loomed remote,
Portended the might of the coming storm,
By its harbinger's muffled note.

Still louder it pealed, and the lightning's gleam
Shot chained from the blackened cloud;
Yet lingered that child by the flowing stream,
And wept for its stay aloud.

The tempest uprisen now hurtling swept
O'er meadow and hill and grove,
And madly the stream, where the sporter wept
Immingled and onward drove.

His sporting was o'er, and, with swimming eye,
A moment he gazed again,
And thus to the waters that hurried by
He uttered his plaintive strain:

"Will ye go, will ye go,
And regard me not,
Though the noontide glow,
And the sun be hot?

Will ye on, will ye on?
Will ye never stay,
Though the sun be gone,
And the lightnings play?

Though the thunders are heard,
In their threatening call,
Will ye brave their word,
And despise them all?

Is it naught, is it naught,
That I threw beneath
What I fondly wrought—
My own woven wreath?

Will ye stay, will ye stay,
If I plunge me there,
And demand away
Now the wreath ye bear?

I will go, I will go,
  And from off your wave,
Till ye cease to flow,
  Take the wreath I gave."

He spake, and, extending his little hand,
  He plunged in the foamy wave;
And struggling awhile for the flowery band,
  He sank in a billowy grave.

That stream flowed on, and, in angry tone,
  Bore giver and wreath away;
Not infantine tears, nor a mother's moan,
  Could bid it in aught delay.

Ah! vain is the effort of human will
  To hinder the stream of time;
For on, with its course unchanged, it still
  Will roll in its flow sublime.

1846.

HOME.

DEAR home, there is a charm around
  Thine oft-remembered spot,
Which from my earliest youth hath bound
Me to thee, as to holy ground,
  And will not be forgot.

Long years have overpast, since first
  I left thine honored dome;
Yet naught that hath upon thee burst,

Hath from thy sacredness dispersed
The loveliness of home.

How bitter, when thy precincts dear
First faded from my view,
How bitter that unbidden tear,
Which told me I was no more near
The home my boyhood knew.

The many hours I there had spent
Rushed like a memory-spell;
There no discordant jar had rent
Our little band, and bade prevent
Affections rising swell.

Bright did endearance shed
A halo o'er the past,
And all the future overspread
With promised blessings on my head,
And bid them ever last.

There came a change: ere morn of days
Had merged in coming noon,
The bier, the pall, the gloomy baize,
Had whispered that our future ways
Must separate—how soon!

All are not here: one whom we loved
Is taken to her home.
While yet the blessing seemed approved,
There came a message and removed
A sister to the tomb.

Years may advance, and with them all
  That home to childhood gave;
Friend after friend successive fall
Beneath the dark funereal pall
  That shrouds them for the grave.

Yet, till life's lamp shall cease to burn,
  And all in death repose,
Oft would my willing footsteps turn,
And here, where I was wont to learn
  Submission, lose my woes.

1846.

But ah! what havoc time hath done,
  As o'er thee swept his train!
Years since have passed, and one by one
Thy once loved inmates all are gone,
  And I alone remain!

But let, my heart, thy murmurs cease,
  And own thy Father's lead;
Oh! sorrow not at their release,
For heaven's attractions but increase
  As those of earth recede.

Earth hath no home, however dear,
  Which death doth not invade;
The loved on earth, whom we revere,
Can tarry but a season here,
  " For this is not your rest."

Place not thy treasures, then, my heart,
  In any earthly store;
But e'er remember where thou art,

And choose in heaven that better part,
  Where partings are no more.

Then, when life's evening shall have come,
  And home on earth shall fade,
A star dispersing all its gloom
Shall ope a new celestial home,
  Which death can ne'er invade.

1879.

TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER, I dreamed, when sterner age
  Were on apace advancing,
  And all things else enhancing,
Thy name could then no more engage,
  As when, in boyhood's longing,
  I gazed on others thronging,
And would with them tread manhood's stage.

How oft, when borne in youthful glee,
  Whence thou hadst fain withholden,
  When others would embolden,
To plunge in scenes I fain would flee;
  How oft had thy protection
  Then held me from defection,
In whispering thou still lovest me.

Time since hath flown, and deep thy name
  Hath graven an endearance,
  No more of vain appearance,

But, like a well-fed living flame,
It burns yet brighter, clearer,
And brings thine image nearer,
To tell me thou art e'er the same.

When, at that loved ancestral dome,
I bade adieu in sorrow,
Fondly I saw a morrow,
When I again, as then, might come
And own thy smile, my mother,
Which beams not in another
As in my own, my childhood's home.

And now, while from that hallowed spot,
Beset by thousand dangers,
I wander forth 'mid strangers,
To seek, with them, life's pending lot,
It is thine own assurance,
That bids me in endurance
Be up, and on, disheartened not.

I go—the conflict is begun—
In manhood's sacred calling,
With foemen thick appalling,
Life's noble conquest must be won;
I go, for though none other,
I know that thou, my mother,
E'er prayest for thine absent son.

Yet soon I know thou must remove,
Must close thine earthly mission,
And go to own fruition
Amid the glorified above;

But can thy kindness perish?
Can memory cease to cherish
Mementoes of thy loving care?

No: never till this heart succumb,
And cease in death its beating,
Shall thy maternal greeting,
Which gave in youth its charm to home,
From memory be discarded,
Be less in love regarded,
Till my departure, too, shall come.

1846.

HOME TIES.

(*For an Album.*)

How tender are the ties,
That draw us, when we roam,
Back to the sympathies
Of those we love at home!

Oh! what would life on earth
But solitude become,
Were we to own, from birth
To death, no loving home?

And what but cheerless gloom
Must be the life to come,
If we, beyond the tomb,
Possess no heavenly home?

The best of homes, dear friend,
To thee through life be given;
And when life's labors end,
A better HOME in HEAVEN.

1845.

A VALENTINE.

(No. 1.)

OFT is seen a winning smile
On a dimpled beauty playing,
And bewitchingly conveying
To the eye it is betraying,
That it never can beguile.

Often, too, a smile is worn,
Which to all appears revealing
Tokens of a kindred feeling,
While it is concealing,
For the flattered one, a scorn.

Lady, I have seen in thee,
Not the look that courteth staring,
Nor the smile that scorn is bearing—
But the charm, which thou art wearing,
Is attractive modesty.

Though a stranger's voice be mine,
Which to thee has seldom spoken,
Yet accept, fair one, the token
Of respect, as yet unbroken,
Of this friendship's VALENTINE.

A VALENTINE.

(No. 2.)

I WALKED through a garden all scented
With flowerets in gayest of bloom,
Where each opening petal presented,
In seeming, the richest perfume.

I saw, as I strolled down the alley,
One blooming in sweetness alone;
I gazed, 'twas the flower of the valley,
And plucked it to make it thine own.

Though many that floweret are scorning,
And seldom its beauties select,
Yet give me that flöweret's adorning,
Which wins its possessor respect.

Yes, give me the sweet, lowly lily,
Though often by fanciers passed;
Flirtation attracts but the silly,
But MODESTY'S merits will last.

It lives, when the tinsel of beauty
Has faded to flatterer's view;
It rises responsive to duty:
Through life, until death, it is true.

1845.

A VALENTINE.

(No. 3.)

[A parody on "The rose that all are praising."]

THE charms that beauty weareth
Are not the charms for me;
For often beauty beareth
A heart of vanity:
But charms that heart alone unfolds,
The charms the Christian spirit holds,
And naught without impaireth,
Oh! they're the charms for me.

The smile that most entrances
Is not the smile for me;
Ah! ogled looks and glances
Speak not of purity:
But there's a smile that sweetly cheers,
When sadness on the brow appears,
And all life's joys enhances—
Oh! that's the smile for me.

The bliss of wealth's bestowment
Is not the bliss for me;
For often, in a moment,
It leaves its votary:
The bliss that virtue's self reveals,
The bliss the kindred spirit feels,

Its pure and own endowment,
Oh! that's the bliss for me.

The heart, tuned but for pleasure,
Is not the heart for me!
Full many a sigh may measure
Life's frail mortality:
The heart that loves, and though bereft,
A living fount within still left,
Reveals a hallowed treasure—
Oh! that's the heart for me.

Possessed, or possessing,
Its richest of blessing
It freely imparts;
It measures, it treasures
Reciprocal pleasures
With mutual hearts.

In joys, and in sorrows,
It lends, and it borrows,
E'er equaling need;
Bestowing, withholding,
Its riches unfolding
As others recede.

At home, amid strangers,
In safety, in dangers,
In failure and fame,
It owneth, it loveth,
Its constancy proveth
Its union the same.

Such, such the selection,
In heart, in affection,
I fondly would own;
With such, and such only,
I could not be lonely,
Though far and alone!

1848.

THE SOUL'S MISSION.

THOU, born to destiny,
Entrusted with control,
Oh! whence, and why, thine embassy,
Thou living soul?

Thine emanating source
Cannot be nature's womb;
Since, when returns this lifeless corse
Low in the tomb,

Thou shalt there be laid,
In death's dominion bound,
And all that is of thee be made
A mouldering mound.

But wherefore hast thou come,
Known thus of heavenly birth?
Why, on thy mission, was thy home
Made here on earth?

Thine impress, and thy name,
  Speak thine a high behest;
Go, then, thine embassage proclaim,
  Nor be at rest.

Earth would beguile thine ear,
  And call life's joys thine all;
Would charm in pleasing dalliance here,
  Till death enthrall.

Up from thy lethargy,
  And make thy mission known!
Thou wert not sent on earth to be
  Naught but thine own.

Thou hast another sphere,
  Another work, my soul,
Than thus to linger struggling here
  For pleasure's goal.

Oh! is there not one grief,
  Borne by another heart,
For which thou may'st yet bring relief
  Ere thou depart?

Is there no soul oppressed
  With sins yet unforgiven,
Whom thou may'st guide to perfect rest
  With Christ in heaven?

Up, O my soul! see all
  Bids thee thy work assume,
Ere on thy loitering footsteps fall
  Death's sullen gloom.

The victor's jubilee,
"O death! where is thy sting?
O grave! where is thy victory?"
Thou canst not sing,

Till comes the message down
That all thy task is done;
For not till then, shall be thy crown
Immortal won.

1845—revised 1879.

THE DEAR OLD COTTAGE DOOR.

ON the door-step I am sitting,
Calling up my boyhood's flitting
Memories, which, intermitting,
Come like wave-beats on the shore;
Lonely sitting, sad and weary,
Not a soul to make me cheery,
While the very trees are dreary
Round the dear old cottage door.

All are gone who then were round me,
And as' 'mid the spells that bound me
When a boy, I sit, there hound me
By-gones trooping by the score;
I have many a sea combatted,
And have roamed through jungles matted,
Since we sang and played and chatted
Round the dear old cottage door.

How my heart is in me burning!
How my inmost soul is yearning!
As my thoughts go backward, turning
To those good old days of yore,
When my father, and my mother,
When each sister dear, and brother,
Sat conversing with each other
By the dear old cottage door.

'Neath the spreading walnut yonder,
Often would we children wander,
And the sultry noontide squander
Playing games of battledoor:
Grows the walnut just as greenly,
Glows the noontide as serenely,
While the sunbeams, flashing keenly,
Gild the dear old cottage door.

Oft in sportive glee and prattle,
Here, with horn and drum and rattle,
We, in mimicry of battle
Charged, a mock-heroic corps;
And from morn to eve, and after,
Echoing from roof and rafter,
Rang our merry peals of laughter
Round the dear old cottage door.

Proud our ribbon-flag we flouted,
Nothing feared, and nothing doubted,
Loud the victory we shouted,
Till the wakened geese encore;
Voice and spirit thrilled to cheer it,
And the very birds, to hear it,

Flew around, and fluttered near it—
  Near the dear old cottage door.

Once we strayed, till star-light twinkled,
And, with garments torn and wrinkled,
We, with mud and spatter sprinkled
  On each little pinafore,
Started at each sound and tinkle,
Lest some waking Rip Van Winkle,
Kidnapped bear us, in a twinkle,
  From the dear old cottage door.

Then, as on we trudged benighted,
How the thrill our hearts delighted
As the window-glare we sighted,
  Just as we were giving o'er!
How we sped to run our amble,
Heeding not the scratching bramble,
In our hurry-scurry scramble
  For the dear old cottage door.

Nearer as we drew, and nearer,
Seemed that window-glimmer clearer,
Seemed the dear old cottage dearer,
  Than it ever was before;
How each sister, then, and brother,
Sprang, and shouted to each other,
As our anxious, waiting mother
  Ope'd the dear old cottage door!

Home at last, all fear was scouted;
How each little hero spouted,
Boasting loud of having routed
  All the spooks the midnight bore;

22051B

But not one for praise or censure.
Love or gold or sealed indenture,
All that night would dare to venture
  Out the dear old cottage door.

Ah! what changes have come o'er me!
Trees and cottages now ignore me,
Which in dreams have stood before me,
  As companions old and hoar;
There the woods, where once we rambled,
There the brook o'er which we scrambled,
There the lawn on which we gamboled
  Near the dear old cottage door.

But, alas! I now am lonely
Seated, and with head bent pronely,
Musing on the scenes that only
  Seem like tales of fairy-lore;
Yet, as here alone I seat me,
Phantom playmates seem to meet me,
And I look to see them greet me
  At the dear old cottage door.

Here our farewell words were spoken,
Here each gave a plighted token,
Pledging pledges to be broken
  By us never, never more;
All are now asunder driven,
But, though childhood's ties are riven,
Sacred are those pledges given
  By the dear old cottage door.

Ah! our days on earth are fleeting,
And all earthly joys retreating,

Yet we hope a blissful meeting
  Is, for those we love, in store,
When, to heaven's high courts ascended,
Ours with angel-voices blended,
All our songs shall have been ended
  At the dear old cottage door.

1840—revised 1877-9.

DONATION VISIT.

[This poem was prepared at the solicitation of the Presbyterian Church and Society of Wolcott, N. Y., and delivered in the church February 28, 1856, at a Farewell Donation given to their pastor, the Rev. Thomas Wright, who for sixteen years had faithfully discharged his pastoral duties. Enfeebled by protracted ill-health, he had felt constrained to ask a release, to engage in the less arduous service of City Missionary in St. Catharines, Canada West, which appointment he had just accepted. By special request it was printed, and issued in pamphlet form at the time, and is here given unchanged, save in a few minor alterations.]

THERE are scenes of mirth at the banquet board,
  Where the wine-cup circles free;
And the goblet is fuller and fuller poured,
As each bacchanal drinks to the one adored
  In his shouts of drunken glee.

There are scenes of joy at the courtly ball,
  Where the titled and great repair;
And the brilliant glare of the lighted hall,
And the wavy dance, and the music, all
  With enchantment fill the air.

There is merriment there in the youthful heart,
And the old renew their prime,
As the tripping feet to the music start,
And each dancer in mask performs his part,
As a hero of olden time.

There is bounding of heart, as the clarion's notes
To the quadrille bid advance,
And each knight to his mate his hand devotes,
As she, graceful and light as a fairy, floats
In the movements of the dance.

There are scenes of mirth and of festive life
On the day of martial glee,
When the rolling drum, and the thrilling fife,
And the booming cannon, recall the strife
That has set our nation free.

But the thrills of joy, as we gather here,
Are of deeper and purer birth:
Not a riotous clamor disturbs the ear,
Nor an echo is heard, that bespeaks the cheer
Of the bacchanal's boisterous mirth.

Not in kingly halls do we meet to-night,
Nor in feast nor ball parade;
But on holier ground and in happier plight,
Than in banquet halls, or in dazzling light
Of the courtly masquerade.

Not a bugle sounds, nor a drum is beat,
To infuse their martial fire;
But the house of God is the place we meet,

And the music we hear, in its cadence sweet,
Is the anthems of the choir.

There is merriment here, but of nobler kind
Than the mirth of carnival night:
'Tis the mirth of the reason and heart combined,
'Tis the joy of the moment, when kindred mind
With its kindred owns delight.

We have festively met, and we would not exchange
With the lovers of dance and wine;
We have met to contribute, and not to derange,
The reciprocal pleasure, within the range
Of a higher and nobler design.

We have met, but not to squander
Powers of body or of mind;
In our purpose, both the useful
And the pleasant are combined.

Not the scenes of merry-making
By carousers in their glee,
Where the reason is degraded,
And the conscience never free;

Not the scenes of princely splendor,
And the fashionable show,
Where the uninvited never,
And the courtly only go,

Are the scenes the most congenial
To the highly cultured mind;

For their pleasure is empoisoned
  By the sting they leave behind.

Not from such exhilaration
  Spring the purest of life's joys;
For the mirth of most excitement
  Is the mirth that soonest cloys.

'Tis the scenes of social concourse,
  Where the heart is ever light,
And the eye is ever beaming
  With reciprocal delight;

Where the flow of chastened pleasure
  Comes and goes without a pain,
While it leaves a reminiscence,
  Which the heart will long retain.

It is thus we, here, this evening,
  With as cordial greeting come,
As if festively assembling
  As one family as home.

'Tis a scene to be remembered
  And enshrined within the heart,
When the pastor and the people
  Meet to welcome and to part.

    Yes, ye have come,
      Each from his home,
  Your cordialness revealing;
    And though 'tis true
      You bid adieu,
  It is in kindest feeling.

There's pleasure here,
And social cheer;
Nor need we ask, Why is it?
For lo! the fact
On which you act
Is a DONATION VISIT.

The open call
Extends to all
To come and share your meeting,
And every friend,
Who may attend,
Is sure of cordial greeting.

Thus none can say,
Who stay away,
That they were not invited:
While none who come,
On going home,
Can feel that they were slighted.

Here neighbors meet,
And kindred greet,
And ask how each is living;
But none forget,
As none regret,
That they have come A-GIVING.

A noble heart
Will share a part
With friend or slave or master;
But nobler still
The part you fill,
In sharing with your PASTOR.

Is this the sign,
That with design,
You from your midst remove him?
What could you more,
Than share your store,
To prove that you still love him?

Yes, it will live—
What thus you give—
Will live enshrined a token;
Where'er he go,
He still will know
Your love is yet unbroken.

Oh! honor gained,
Thus unconstrained,
To show your pastor favor;
To send him, not
As if forgot,
Or wholly out of favor.

My heart and hand
Are at command,
To aid in the endeavor;
Nor can I soon
Forget the boon,
Nor will your pastor ever.

In after years,
The gush of tears
This evening's act will measure;
And, till the tomb
Become his home,
His heart will own its pleasure.

Full many a year,
While present here,
He felt that you approved him;
But now he knows,
As hence he goes,
The Wolcott people loved him.

Yes, joy is here,
And cordial cheer—
In every eye you read it;
And prompt each will
Its part to fill,
As kind impulses lead it.

For him hath reigned
A love unfeigned,
And memories still inspire it;
And not a heart
From him would part
Did not his health require it.

Thou art welcome, brother, art welcome here,
For thy people's hearts are large;
And as long as these bosoms the past revere,
Shall thy name be honored and owned as dear
By thine early and only charge.

They would send thee, not as if forced from home,
And no longer to be caressed—
See the board they spread, and the care they assume,
And the welcoming smile, as they bid thee come
And partake, as their honored guest.

They have met to own, although meeting to part,
And a brother's hand extend;
They have met to bestow, from a grateful heart,
An expression of love, ere he hence depart,
On their pastor as on their friend.

Thou wilt miss them, brother, when thou art gone,
Thou wilt miss these friendly hearts;
And thy heart will remember these seasons flown,
And the ties of affection be closer drawn,
As the distance asunder parts.

There are moments known, when the past upsprings
With the freshness of present time;
And the sweetness that lives in the pleasure it brings
In the memory floats, as the echo that rings
In the tones of a distant chime.

'Mid the scenes thou wilt ever retain as dear,
Are the scenes of this parting eve;
Thou wilt think of to-night, of this gathering here,
Of these anthems, that still shall in memory's ear
A melodious cadence leave.

And they, too, will miss thee, when thou art gone,
They will miss thy friendly voice;
They will miss that foot, which was ne'er withdrawn
From the house of the mourner, the sick, the wan,
And that bade the heart rejoice.

They will miss thee, too, at the bridal scene,
  They will miss thy cheerful air;
Where the loved of home, and of heart convene,
And thy words of cheer have so welcome been,
  They will miss thee, brother, THERE.

They will miss thee, too, in thy pastoral call,
  And thy fervent pastoral prayer;
From the public street, from the private hall,
And from every place where thy footsteps fall,
  They will miss thy presence THERE.

They will miss thee here, from this pulpit floor,
  From this house which ye toiled to rear;
When these walls, that so often their witness bore,
Shall resound to thy well-known voice no more—
  They will miss thee, brother, HERE.

Though another may come, and may take thy
    place,
  And thy pastoral burdens bear,
It will not be he, whose familiar face
They have greeted so oft at the throne of grace,
  And who fervently led them there.

Thou art going, my brother, a post to fill
  That is yet untried and new;
But the prayers of thy people are with thee still,
And their warm hearts bless thee, and ever will,
  Though they bid thee a long adieu.

And in after years, shouldst thou hitherward roam,
  To the place of thy former rest;

Thou wilt here as a father, in honor come;
And to every heart and in every home
  Thou wilt be a welcome guest.

And shall I, my brother, not miss thee too,
  When thou art from us withdrawn?
Though but yesterday, meeting as strangers do,
It is hard to exchange a fraternal adieu,
  And to feel thou art really gone.

Should my heart speak out its emotions now,
  It would almost thy stay compel;
But the Master is calling, and I, as thou,
To his voice, as He summons, submissively bow,
  And must bid thee a felt FAREWELL.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

WHEN the days of youth are over,
And advancing time shall cover
  Thick the brow with frosts of age,
Shall the scenes of youthful pleasure,
Which we now so fondly treasure,
  Then no more the heart engage?

Go and ask yon aged father
If his heart no more can gather
  Aught that time hath overcast;
And how quick his eye will brighten,
As the gleams of by-gones lighten
  Vistas all along the past.

When the days of life are numbered,
And our spirits, disencumbered,
  Shall have bid to earth adieu,
Shall the friends we love so dearly,
And the scenes we pass so cheer'ly,
  Be not still remembered too?

Oh! methinks that home were cheerless,
And its joys could not be tearless,
  Which in hope we hold in store,
Were the loved, who sleep in Jesus,
When from earthly ties He frees us,
  To be met and known no more.

What ecstatic consolation
Could there be in isolation,
  E'en in that celestial clime,
Were we, when we meet each other,
Not to know each friend and brother
  Whom we here have known in time?

But there will be recognition,
And to memory full permission
  To recall what was its own;
For to those at home in heaven,
Lo! the blest assurance given,
  "We shall know as we are known."

1860.

THE MIDNIGHT BURIAL.

[About the middle of January, 1857, in a town situated near the southern shore of Lake Ontario, in New York, occurred a burial under very peculiar circumstances. The only son of a previous pastor of the church of which the writer was at the time pastor, having recently married a daughter of an officer of the same church, commenced the practice of medicine in a neighboring town. It happened that the small-pox broke out in the vicinity, and he was called upon professionally to attend patients suffering with it. The contagion was, unfortunately, communicated to his little son, a most promising and lovely child, scarcely a year old, who, in spite of every effort, died of the worst form of the dreaded disease. The burial, for prudential reasons, took place at midnight, and, as it chanced, in a most blinding and terrific snow-storm. The only attendants at the interment were the father and the maternal grandfather of the child, who performed the sad office with their own hands, amid the storm and darkness. Services commemorative were held in the church (Huron, N. Y., February 22, 1857), at which the following little poem, written for the occasion, formed the conclusion of the memorial discourse.]

ON his pillow of down lay a beautiful child,
And his father and mother complacently smiled,
  As they cradled their infant to rest;
For they felt, as they gazed on his countenance fair,
On his roseate cheeks and his ringleted hair,
  They were parents peculiarly blest.

In his cradle again lies the lovable boy,
But his parents no longer are smiling in joy—
  They are watching his shortening breath;
For the pestilence dreaded untimely has come,

And a cloud has enshrouded that love-lighted
home,
And its gloom is the shadow of death.

It is night, and though wintry without is the storm,
They are bearing in silence that infantile form
To its lowly and permanent bed:
It is night, and the curtains of darkness fall,
As if nature had kindly her funeral pall
O'er the midnight burial spread.

Not an echoing toll from the belfry rings,
But a rustle unseen as of angel-wings,
As they swift on their errantry passed,
As if coming an escort to waft away,
The enfranchised spirit to realms of day,
Through the moan of the wintry blast.

In the storm is a hush, as if checking its frown,
As they tenderly lowered the coffin down
In the stillness of midnight gloom;
But the storm-winds moaned as they laid it low,
And the frozen clods in the drifted snow,
At the dawn marked an infant's tomb.

But they buried not there the immortal part,
That endeared him so fondly to every heart—
It was dust that was laid in the loam;
While the spirit, relieved of its cumbersome load,
Was being escorted afar on its road
To a brighter and glorious home.

In the shade of the banyan that ever green grows
On the banks of the river of life, as it flows

Through the city of God above,
He is walking in white 'mid the numberless band
Of the glorified ones, who from every land
Are the trophies of infinite love.

He is taken, but you, who are mourning his loss,
He is waiting to welcome at length, as ye cross
To the mansions where sorrow is o'er,
And have Jesus explain, in His purpose sublime,
Why He took him away from the evils of time
To enrobe him in glory the more.

REDEMPTION.

(*A Christmas Anthem.*)

Lo! in the regions of measureless glory
Seraphs exultant, in symphonies new,
Sweetly are chanting, are chanting the story,
God can redeem, and His justice be true:
See them all joyant seem,
Swift as the lightning's gleam,
Bearing the blissful theme—
"God is incarnate, and man is redeemed."

List! on the midnight the sweet song is swelling,
Faintly and soft as from spirit-tuned lyres,
Sweeter and louder its echoes are dwelling—
Yes, 'tis the song of the cherubic choirs—
"Joy through the earth be known,

Peace from the holy throne,
Glory to God alone,
God is incarnate, and man is redeemed."

See, through the darkness, o'er Bethlehem beaming,
Brightens the star that portendeth His birth;
Shepherds, it is not in fitfulness gleaming,
See! it directs to the Saviour of earth:
Thither now hastening,
Glad your oblations bring,
Over the infant sing—
"God is incarnate, and man is redeemed."

Heralds of Jesus, arise and proclaim Him,
Borne on the bosom of ocean's dark tide,
Hence to the heathen, oh! hasten and name Him,
Name Him the Lord who has suffered and died:
Yes, to the farthest bound,
Haste where'er man is found,
Spreading the tidings round—
"God is incarnate, and man is redeemed."

1845.

GATHERING HOME.

FROM the dust and the din and the battle of life,
They are gathering home;
They have ceased from its toil, and have ended its strife,
They are gathering home:

Of the loved and the true and the tender of heart,
Whom we greeted and knew at the early start,
There are many who dropped to the rear as we passed,
They were with us awhile, but they ripened fast,
They are gathering home.

From the homes of the rich, and the huts of the poor,
They are gathering home;
From the beds where the sick and the sighing endure,
They are gathering home;
As in Egypt of old on the Passover night,
Not a house was exempt from the terrible blight,
So from one and another the cherished are fled,
Till is found not a house where is not one dead—
They are gathering home.

From each circle wherever our lot may be thrown,
They are gathering home;
There are fewer and fewer of those we have known.
They are gathering home;
They are passing away to the other shore,
And the places that knew them shall know them no more;
They have left us and gone, but are not forgot,
They have vanished from sight, but have perished not—
They are gathering home.

Ah! in spite of the tears we shed as they go,
They are gathering home;

The attractions above them are more than below,
They are gathering home;
The habiliments worn in the heat of the day
They have folded for time, and have laid them away;
In the blood of the Lamb, who is throned in light,
They have washed their robes and have made them white—
They are gathering home.

From the church below to the church above,
They are gathering home;
To the presence of Jesus, whom, seeing, they love,
They are gathering home;
From the valley of toil to the mansions of rest,
From their pilgrim abodes to the home of the blest,
From the North, and the South, and the East, and the West
The Redeemer is bidding each privileged guest—
They are gathering home.

'Mid the saints of the past, who have suffered and died,
They are gathering home;
They have triumphed o'er death through the Crucified,
They are gathering home;
In departing they signaled of rapture begun,
Of the battle achieved and the victory won;
They a halo of glory ineffable wear
In the mansions which Jesus has gone to prepare—
They are gathering home.

On the mount of the Lord, where the glorified
stand,
They are gathering home;
From each kindred and nation and land,
They are gathering home;
In the Eden, where naught to molest them is rife,
They shall eat of the fruit of the tree of life,
And shall satisfied drink of the river that flows
Through the city of God—for to endless repose
They are gathering home.

1880.

BURY ME AT EVENING.

["We buried him at evening. * * * As we turned away from the grave-yard, the sinking sun repeated the lesson of admonition. It seemed like the voice of Providence and the voice of Nature speaking together."—W. B. Homer's Memoirs.]

OH! bury me at evening, when
The daily toil is ended, and
Is hushed the hum of busy men
In darkened stillness through the land;
'Tis at that quiet hour of sweet repose,
When all my labors shall be done,
The goal of life immortal won,
Thus, with the lingering, parting sun,
I would go down the vale of woes.

When low the latest sun-beams sink
On meadow, hill, and mountain grove;
As on a shining way, I love to think,

On burdened messages of love,
The angels oft descendent come,
To greet some spirit at life's goal,
A new and disembodied soul,
And while their anthems sweetly roll,
To waft it safely to its home.

Yes, bury me at evening, when
The silent exhalations all
Are gathering hōme to earth again,
That, at the dawn's ethereal call,
A thousand pearly dew-drops may,
As in a monarch's diadem,
On every leaf and grassy stem,
Hang each a pendant gem,
To hail the smiles of new-born day.

Thus, when my evanescent breath
Shall leave this body, as it must,
That, in the chill and damp of death,
It moulders back to kindred dust,
In death's habiliments arranged,
Be lowly laid this heaveless breast,
Within its parent earth to rest,
Till, in the Resurrection blest,
I rise, to life immortal changed.

Yes, bury me at evening still,
For Jesus was entombed alone,
When soft the lingering twilight shone
Upon Judea's templed hill;
No dirge was heard, no funeral trains
Bore on the noblest of earth's dead,

But lone and sad, when all had fled,
Two faithful ones enbalmed that head,
And bore away those cold remains.

Then bury me at evening too,
In twilight's mild and holy light,
Since He who bore our woes withdrew
Entombed alone at early night;
So, when this mortal I dismiss,
And dust its native dust assumes,
I'll hail that bourne, nor dread its gloom,
For lo! a star gilds all the tomb,
And harbingers a dawn of bliss.

1846.

DEATH.

THOU named, yet nameless minion,
Thou sovereign, whose dominion
None living yet may know;
Oh! tell me whence thou comest,
And wherefore thou assumest
To be the king of woe!

Unfold, resistless foiler,
Who art become the spoiler
Of every human thing,
Why dost thou, all-potential,
With terror as credential,
Thus bid us own thee King?

Thine was but one commission,
Regardless of petition,
To open up the tomb;
To prince and son of labor,
To foeman and to neighbor,
Uncovering its gloom.

But see! thou claimest sorrow,
And darkly on each morrow
Thou hangest out a pall;
Whence, every eye beholding,
A doom thou art unfolding
Compassionless to all.

No warrior crowned with glory,
Nor victim pale and gory,
Can meet thee but in dread;
None shudderless are standing,
When, at thy stern commanding,
They go among the dead.

Ah! thou insatiate tyrant,
Thou art alone aspirant
To sport with mortal woe;
Thine only joy is anguish,
To see the mourner languish,
And tears forever flow.

Come at the festal moment,
Come in the first bestowment,
Or ultimate, of fame;
Come when the infant sleepeth,
Come when the mother weepeth,
And thou art e'er the same.

But lo! thy sway is ending,
For Jesus, when ascending
To majesty on high,
A doom on thee hath branded,
Which yet shall be demanded,
And thou thyself shalt die!

See! there hath been predicted,
For whom thou hast afflicted,
A boon thou knowest not—
A boon that all assuages,
When numbering of ages
Shall long have been forgot.

Soon, soon the ransomed myriads
Shall, ages without periods,
Triumphant o'er thee sing,
"Where, now, is thy dominion,
Thou once relentless minion,
O Death! where is thy sting?"

1846.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE ON THE POCONO.

[In the summer of 1878 a party of gentlemen were spending a few weeks "camping out" near a small lake on the range of the Pocono Mountains, in Pike County, Pennsylvania. Two of their number were one day following a lonely and somewhat intricate trail, when they were met by a woodchopper, who resided at the time in a rude hut in the mountains, and were asked by him if they would like to see The Stranger's Grave. Curiosity was awakened, and at their request he conducted them through an almost impassable thicket, till they came to a half-decayed stump of what had once been a large hemlock-tree. Placing his back to the stump, their guide paced off a given number of paces, when, in a dense cluster of shrubbery, he came directly upon a low grave, covered with decaying leaves, having a rough stone to mark its head. On their reaching the spot through the tangled underbrush, he related to them, substantially, the facts embodied in the following little poem, suggested by them.]

IN the primitive wilds on the Pocono's side,
By the mountains environed around,
Where the bald-eagles brood and the catamounts hide,
And the denizens only of forests abide,
Is a lone and mysterious mound.

By impervious underbrush overgrown,
And where leaves, as they cover it, rot;
There, unguarded by aught but a sentinel-stone,
And by only a few of the mountaineers known,
Is that cheerless and desolate spot.

There a traveler once—so the story is told—
When the hearts of the hardiest quail,

In the depth of the winter, intrepid and bold,
In the face of the blasts, and the snow, and the cold,
Had attempted the perilous trail.

He in hardihood pressed toward the mountain's crest
Through the depth of the tangled wood,
Till at length, by the cold and the tempest oppressed,
He had fallen, or lain for the night to rest
Where a veteran hemlock stood.

There he lay and slept to the sough of the storm,
But he never awoke again;
And the storm swept by, and the days grew warm,
Till, as spring returned, it revealed his form,
Where he down in the snow had lain.

There a trapper, one day, in the wilderness dark,
Had discovered him lying dead!
'Neath his head was a pallet of crumpled bark,
And there lay the traveler palid, and stark,
With a rattle-snake coiled at his head!

Undisturbed by his side lay a book and a slate,
But effaced were each letter and line;
Not a syllable written foreboding his fate,
Nor a word his adventure to indicate
Or unfold his heroic design.

On his forehead were graven the traces of thought,
And his aspect was that of a man

Who, alive, had in strict assiduity sought
To maintain a subsistence by what he had wrought,
In pursuit of a laudable plan.

On his person was found no memento, nor name,
To identify nation or birth,
As to where he was going, or whence he came;
But he lay there a stranger, unknown to fame,
On the damp and impressible earth.

In a rift of the woods, and aside from the path,
Where the forest-trees ceaselessly wave,
Where the thunder-bolt mutters its terrible wrath,
And the hurricane often a carnival hath,
They pre-empted the stranger a grave.

They selected the spot in an evergreen shade,
Where the zephyrs might sigh and moan
In a requiem over the mound they had made,
And the whippoor-wills warble their serenade,
In their nightly rehearsals alone.

Not a mourner was there to deposit a tear,
Or to lay on his bosom a wreath,
As they carried him forth on the hemlock-bier,
Which they hurriedly made from the branches near,
To the grave they had hollowed beneath.

There, unshrouded, uncoffined, and just as he lay,
With his book and his slate on his breast,
On a bedding of hemlock, and laurel, and bay,
And with naught for his head but a pillow of clay,
They committed the stranger to rest.

Not a word was expressed, as was shoveled the mould
In the grave by those pioneers;
But they buried him there on the mountain cold,
With a humanly kindness, that tenderly told
There was heart in those mountaineers.

Be that grave in the Pocono's solitudes shrined
Where the reckless profane it not;
Let the venturesome visitor bear it in mind,
And respond to the mountaineers' sympathy kind,
And account it a sacred spot.

And though naught may distinguish that unknown mound
But a stone in the rough at its head,
There the stranger, with naught to disquiet around,
Shall in solitude rest, till the trumpet shall sound
To awaken the slumbering dead.

GROWING OLD.

[In the summer of 1879 it was my privilege to visit a CENTENARIAN, the venerable James Douglass, born in Scotland, but then at his home in Carbondale, Penn. He was a highly esteemed former parishioner, whom I, as pastor, had been permitted to induct as an officer in my church, though he was then over eighty-five years of age. At the time of my visit he had but recently—April 17, 1879,—celebrated his one hundredth birthday, when the citizens of the town, regardless of party or sect, had called upon him to tender their hearty congratulations; an occasion highly enjoyed by him, but causing him, before the day was over, great weariness. From that time he more and more shrank from general society till his death, February 13, 1880. At my visit I found him in his favorite retreat alone, seated on a small stool, under a plum-tree that stood close against the wall in the extreme rear of his garden. He had removed his hat, in order to enjoy the cool shade, and was bare-headed. There he sat, his milk-white hair long and flowing, as he wished it, the perfect image of an ideal patriarch, ripe beyond the common lot of men in years, but riper still in spirit for heaven. The interview with him left on my mind very deep impressions, which I have sought to gather up and embody in the following SOLILOQUY.]

STEADILY, but surely,
I am growing old;
Slowly, yet securely,
Age takes firmer hold;
Winter, once, though chilling,
With a rapture thrilling,
All my soul was filling—
Now I dread the cold.

Then my limbs were stronger,
Firm my step, and sure;

But my strength no longer
  Can the strain endure;
Memory often fails me,
Eyesight less avails me,
Many a weakness ails me,
  Which no art can cure.

Once delights were many,
  Cheering as they came;
Now I scarce have any
  Worthy of the name;
What were counted pleasures,
What were prized as treasures,
Now, in shriveled measures,
  Seem no more the same.

Friends of youth, abounding,
  Many a comfort gave;
Loved of home, surrounding,
  Made me strong and brave;
But of those true-hearted,
Life who with me started,
One by one departed—
  All are in the grave.

Most that once entranced me,
  Seems at length withdrawn;
Age has now advanced me
  Where life's charms are gone;
I of all am weary,
Life itself were dreary
Did not bright and cheery
  Hope beyond it dawn.

Children now but sadden,
  As I watch their glee;
Pranks that them may gladden,
  Wake no thrills in me;
All my sports are ended,
Those of youth are blended
With the dimly apprehended
  Scenes no more to be.

Strangers, as they pass me,
  Look at me askance,
Or they rude harass me
  With a staring glance:
"See the old man shrinking,
In his dotage sinking!"
Say they, and, unthinking,
  All my woes enhance.

Ah! how evanescent
  Life to me appears;
Ills and aches incessant
  Number now my years;
What was once inviting,
Objects once delighting,
Visions hope was sighting,
  Vanish as heaven nears.

Earth has few and fewer
  Ties to bind me here;
Heaven's attractions truer,
  Stronger, now appear:
Shadows, darkening o'er me,
Only point before me—

Death will soon restore me
  All who once were dear.

I am only waiting,
  Till my change shall come,
But anticipating
  Soon to reach the tomb:
Why should death appall me?
Should the Master call me,
Harm cannot befall me—
  'Tis but going home.

I SHALL SOON SING THERE.

[The Rev. Robert Shindler, of Kington, Herfordshire, England, in a letter printed in the New York *Observer* of May 13, 1880, relates the touching story of the death of aged Susannah Harrison, one of his parishioners. Near the close of his letter he remarks: "She continued nearly the whole night warbling softly, though at times apparently dying. Her last night was full of song; and just before she took her upward flight, she pointed heavenward, and said: 'I cannot talk, but I SHALL SOON SING THERE.'"]

SWEET the song the pilgrim sang
  Through the watches of the night;
Sweet and soft its warble rang,
  Till the dawning of the light:
Then she, as she ceased awhile,
  Feasting on the vision fair,
Heavenward pointing, with a smile,
  Whispered, "I shall soon sing there."

Long had been her pilgrimage
  Through the lonely vale of tears,

Dearer had the Sacred Page
  Grown to her with lapse of years;
Now, as life was ebbing slow,
  She, with spirit freed from care,
Sang, as if in haste to go,
  Saying, "I shall soon sing there."

Earth had little for her soul,
  Just about to take its flight
Upward to the spirit's goal—
  To the realm of pure delight;
And she, nearing now the shore
  Of that region rich and rare,
Caught its music floating o'er;
  "I," she said, "shall soon sing there."

Pilgrim, let thy songs abound,
  Though it be with dying breath;
Make the voice of praise resound
  Sweetly through the night of death;
For the morning soon shall dawn,
  When in bliss beyond compare,
All thine earthly sorrows gone,
  Thou shalt sing forever there.

Ceaseless there the ransomed sing,
  Sing the Lamb who once was slain,
Sing the glories of their King,
  Who triumphant rose to reign:
Cease not, then, thy warbled song,
  Thou shalt in that chorus share,
Thou, amid that holy throng,
  Soon shalt sing the NEW SONG there.

GOD REIGNS.

(Rev. xix. 6.)

[A story from Denmark, in the days when she was queen of the seas, tells us that two Danish barques, riding a stormy main, passed each other in mid-ocean, both so borne along by wind and current that only the briefest salutation could be exchanged. One captain, lifting his speaking-trumpet to his lips, asked the other, amid the roar of the storm and the billows, "What news?" The voice of the other rang, like a clarion, over the raging sea, "GOD REIGNS!" And the two vessels drifted away on their trackless journey, to meet no more. It was all that could be said; but it was enough: GOD REIGNS.]

BEFORE the birth of time,
Jehovah fixed sublime
  His government;
O'er all supreme He reigns,
And, through His wide domains,
His sovereign right maintains
  Omnipotent.

Let every creature bring
Hosannas to their King
  With one accord;
Enthroned in holiness.
Let every heart confess,
And all devoutly bless
  The Sovereign Lord.

He spake, and it was done,
He doth His will, and none
  His hand can stay;

His absolute command
Forever firm shall stand,
Though sky and sea and lan.
  Should pass away.

Let angels round His throne,
With saints, unite in one
  To praise His name:
His power and grace adore,
The love to man He bore,
His goodness evermore
  Aloud proclaim.

He will His chosen lead,
And bring them, in their need,
  A sure release;
His arm is their defence,
Their trust His Providence,
His smile their recompense
  In perfect peace.

In God, ye saints, rejoice,
And lift to Him your voice
  In grateful strains;
Though tempted oft to fear,
Though trials seem severe,
Oh! let this comfort cheer—
  JEHOVAH REIGNS.

1880.

THE SUN IS SHINING CLEAR

ABOVE the valleys, ere the shades
Of darkness disappear,
A glow the mountain-peaks pervades,
That signals to the everglades,
The sun is shining clear.

Above the mists that thickly crowd,
And make the landscape drear;
Above the shadows that enshroud,
Above the threatening thunder-cloud,
The sun is shining clear.

Above each darkened earthly scene,
That gathers round us here;
Above the doubts that intervene,
In lustre changeless and serene,
The sun is shining clear.

Above the emblems of the tomb,
The crape, the pall, the bier;
Above the sorrows and the gloom
Which death's habiliments assume,
The sun is shining clear.

Above the din and rude alarms,
That oft here fill the ear,
This sweet assurance fear disarms,
And down each rising murmur charms—
The sun is shining clear.

However dark the way may prove,
  Or hard the lot appear;
Though faith the mountains cannot move,
Yet there is always light above—
  The sun is shining clear.

Oh! let not then dismay oppress,
  Nor yield the heart to fear;
But, trusting, when in sore distress,
Remember still that, none the less,
  THE SUN IS SHINING CLEAR.

1881.

THINK OF JESUS.

DOES the thought of sin committed
  Ofttimes fill thy soul with gloom?
Think of Jesus then, who quitted
  Heaven to save thee from its doom:
Think of Him who, death enduring,
Was for thee reprieve procuring,
Was a home in heaven securing
  Safe for thee beyond the tomb.

Do the ills of life, unnerving,
  Often weigh the spirits down?
Think of Jesus, who, unswerving,
  Bore for thee the Father's frown;
Think of Him who, for thy pardon,
Sinless met what, else would harden,

Met the struggle in the garden—
  Died to win for thee a crown.

Does the load that on thee presses,
  No relief from toil afford?
Think of Jesus, who distresses
  Bore without a murmuring word;
Think how He on earth was treated,
Think what woes to Him were meted,
Think of Him, and, when defeated,
  Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Does the world no comfort yield thee,
  But rebuffs and tears instead?
Think of Jesus, who, to shield thee,
  Had not where to lay His head;
Think what taunts he bore unshrinking,
How the bitter cup was drinking,
How beneath the cross was sinking,
  When to crucifixion led.

Does the thought of death, appalling,
  Sometimes start despondency?
Think of Jesus, who, forestalling,
  Robbed the grave of victory;
He hath death a captive taken;
They who sleep in Him shall waken,
They shall all—not one forsaken—
  Reign with Him eternally.

1881.

SAVIOUR, LEAD ME.

"Lead me in a plain path. . . . For thy name's sake, guide me."
Ps. xxvii. 11; xxx. 1, 3.

SAVIOUR, make my pathway plain,
For it leads through many a tangle;
Oft I seem to toil in vain,
Turning many a crook and angle,
Till my torn feet ache with pain.

Let me lean upon Thine arm,
For my limbs are weak and weary;
Saviour, keep me safe from harm,
For the night is dark and dreary,
And I tremble with alarm.

Clouds hang heavy o'er my way,
Shadows spectre-like flit by me;
Saviour, leave me not their prey,
Let me feel Thy presence nigh me,
Lest I 'wildered go astray.

Let me not, amid the gloom,
Roam at random as a stranger,
But beside me watch assume,
Leading me, through every danger,
To my home beyond the tomb.

Let the symbol of Thy might
Light through all my journey yield me;

Let it be my guide by night,
  And from noontide terrors shield me,
Putting all my foes to flight.

What my future lot may be,
  Ask I not to have unfolded;
Saviour, 'tis enough for me,
  If by Thee my life is moulded,
And I may but walk with Thee.

Though I cannot comprehend
  All the reasons of Thy leadings,
Yet on Thee will I depend,
  Satisfied with Thy proceedings,
Till my pilgrimage shall end.

Though my faith be often tried,
  For Thou seemest oft to hide Thee,
Still in Thee will I confide.
  Whom have I in heaven beside Thee,
Whom have I on earth beside?

Thou the good work hast begun,
  It by Thee shall be completed;
Thou wilt leave it not undone;
  I in self would be defeated,
But by grace is victory won.

All Thy promises are sure,
  Whatsoever may o'ertake me;
Thy protection shall endure,
  Thou wilt never, Lord, forsake me:
Held by thee, I walk secure.

Saviour, when at length I tread
  On the margin of the Jordan,
Let me still by Thee be led;
  For Thou art my spirit's warden,
Thou alone canst banish dread.

When I, on its billows tossed,
  Feel its cold waves dash about me,
Take my hand till I have crossed:
  Saviour, Thou canst do without me,
But without Thee I am lost.

1881.

REMEMBER ME.

JESUS, almighty Friend,
Thy grace to me extend,
  And make me free;
My hope on Thee is built.
Lord, Thou, from all my guilt
Canst cleanse me, if Thou wilt—
  Remember me!

When fears and foes oppress,
In all my deep distress
  I look to Thee;
Oh, turn me not away,
My doubts and dread allay:
Dear Saviour, Lord, I pray,
  Remember me!

Oh leave me not alone,
But from Thy holy throne
  Look down and see;
In vain is all my toil,
My sins on me recoil,
And all my efforts foil—
  Remember me!

When death shall round me cast
The shadows dark of vast
  Eternity,
Oh then in love appear,
And banish every fear;
Then, Saviour, be thou near—
  Remember me!

WALKING WITH GOD.

"And Enoch walked with God. . . . And Noah walked with God." Gen. v. 24; vi. 9.

FIRMLY supported by my heavenly Father,
  I walk with Him,
And from His presence light serene I gather,
  When mine is dim.

Silent His foot-steps tread the way beside me,
  And all unseen
He stretches out His shepherd's crook to guide me
  Through meadows green.

He forth by crystal waters timely leads me,
When thirsty grown,
And from His own exhaustless bounties feeds me
With stint unknown.

But only when directed by His crosier
Am I secure,
For only by its aid, in each exposure,
Can I endure.

I lean, while He the way makes plain before me,
Upon His arm;
And loud though roar portentous thunders o'er me,
There naught can harm.

Though thickly cluster spectral forms around me,
'Mid gloom intense,
He will, though Satan struggle to confound me,
Be my défense.

At His command His angels camp about me,
By day and night,
To put, while sleepless keeping watch without me,
All foes to flight.

Though I when they by me are least suspected,
Seem but a waif,
Yet, by His guards invincible protected,
My soul is safe.

I will not fear, though death's dark billows, sporting
Around me roar;
He by my side, my trembling soul supporting,
Will bear me o'er.

Then, when beyond, those chilling waves retreating
Shall cease to foam,
He on the other side, my spirit greeting,
Shall welcome home.

There I in person, by His side in glory,
Shall walk with Him,
And nevermore my locks by age grow hoary,
Or eyes grow dim.

As patriarchs by faith walked by His guiding,
Sustaining rod,
So I, in life and death in Him confiding,
Would walk with God.

1880.

TRUSTING IN GOD.

"I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul. . . . O God the Lord, on thee is my trust." 1 Sam. xxvii. 1; Ps. cxli. 8.

I SHALL one day be forsaken,
Said I, hasty, after all;
I shall one day, overtaken,
Perish by the hand of Saul;
But will God, the Lord, deceive me?
He has promised not to leave me,
And I know, though He bereave me,
He will never let me fall.

In myself I am but weakness,
But my Saviour knows the whole;
He has bid me still in meekness

Bring to him my burdened soul;
He in danger will defend me,
He in straits will succor send me,
He a helping hand will lend me,
When the billows round me roll.

I will trust in His protection
In my times of sorest need;
I will, under His direction,
Go wherever He may lead;
Through the world, for it maligns me,
To the post where He assigns me,
I will go, as He designs me,
For His grace is guaranteed.

In the place of greatest danger,
In the trench, or at the front,
I will stand, nor be a stranger,
But as one to battle wont:
He has bid oppose resistance,
Not to foemen in the distance,
But contend, as for existence,
And, withstanding, bear the brunt.

In the Lord Jehovah ever,
Will I put implicit trust,
This shall be my one endeavor,
Till my body sleep in dust;
His is not the word to palter,
His is not the mind to alter,
His is not the arm to falter,
All his ways are wise and just.

1880.

LOOK ABOVE.

LOOK above, when brooding sorrow
Casts its shadows o'er thy way;
Trust in God, and let the morrow
Bring thee, freighted, what it may;
Why should aught that is foreboded
Heavy on thy spirits weigh?
Why should be thy heart corroded
By the ills of yesterday?

Look above when woes assail thee,
And the godless on thee frown;
Look above when comforts fail thee,
And the night comes darkly down:
God hath set the stars to light thee,
When the sun has been withdrawn;
And though gloom awhile benight thee,
It shall scatter with the dawn.

Look above when, in thy toiling,
Sore discouragements appear;
Look above when Satan, foiling,
Brings thy spirit into fear;
For the Arm that moves sublimely
All the planets in their spheres,
Is the Arm that, ever timely,
For thy rescue interferes.

Look above, and God shall brighten,
By His gracious smile, thy face;
Look to Him, and He will lighten
All thy burdens by His grace;
He hath promised ne'er to leave thee
In thy pilgrimage below,
He will guard, and He relieve thee,
Till is vanquished every foe.

Look above, and firm confiding
In the Name which thou hast named,
Safe upon that rock abiding,
Thou shalt never be ashamed;
There, though trials overtake thee,
And thy plans be overthrown.
Jesus never will forsake thee,
He will make thy cause His own.

Look above, when thou art treading
Tremblingly the vale of gloom;
Be thy heart not filled with dreading,
As thou passest to the tomb;
For a glory all-transcending
Waits thee on the other side,
Where, amid its bliss unending,
Thou forever shalt abide.

1880.

WAITING ON THE LORD.

I AM waiting, humbly waiting
  At the footstool of my Lord;
Nor is faith in Him abating,
  Though my plea be long ignored;
For His word of truth is plighted;
What is wrong shall all be righted;
Hope in Him shall not be blighted—
  I am waiting on His word.

I am trusting, firmly trusting,
  Until faith gives place to sight;
Satan, by his lures disgusting,
  Renders life a constant fight:
But my Lord will not evade me,
Sure has His assurance made me,
He in every strait will aid me—
  I am trusting in His might.

I am toiling, weary toiling,
  In the sunshine and the rain:
And though sin, my efforts foiling,
  Ofttimes pierces me with pain,
Jesus bids me toil untiring,
He my soul with zeal is firing,
He my courage is inspiring—
  I am toiling not in vain.

I am bringing, freely bringing,
  All my wants to Him in prayer,

Till I, songs at midnight singing,
  Find Him chasing all despair;
For He sees my burdened longing,
Sees temptations round me thronging,
Sees me suffer bitter wronging—
  I am bringing Him my care.

I am drifting, gently drifting,
  On the current of His will;
He my course for me is shifting,
  He my bark is steering still;
His design will be perfected:
By His providence directed,
By His mighty arm protected,
  I am drifting safe from ill.

I am leaning, calmly leaning,
  On His word in all alarm;
All His purposes have meaning,
  Every promise has a charm;
All were meant in love to cheer me,
He has promised still to hear me,
Promised always to be near me—
  I am leaning on His arm.

I am nearing, slowly nearing,
  Now, the time of my release;
I, with Him, am nothing fearing,
  For His guard shall never cease;
He through all my way attends me,
He from every foe defends me,
He in danger succor sends me—
  I am nearing home in peace.

1879.

LIFE UTILIZED.

OUT of the mystic past,
In ominous projection,
Are shadows often cast
In destiny's direction,
Which may, while life shall last,
Give trend to predilection.

If in the shadow's trail
Sin mingles its presages,
Beware; they life unveil,
As prophecy the ages;
Sin will its woes entail,
And death shall be its wages.

Life has its ups and downs,
And none can be exempted;
Sin has its smiles and frowns,
By which we all are tempted;
But frowns of sin are crowns,
In life's reward pre-empted.

Though life be full of pain,
With disappointment blended;
Though few in life attain
What they may have intended;
Let come what may, maintain
A conscience unoffended.

Be this through life your aim:
  Whatever may befall you,
Let life be void of blame,
  And let no foe appall you;
But do life's work the same,
  Till He who gave it call you.

Be yours a useful life,
  Whatever your vocation;
As husband, child, or wife,
  Do right in every station;
And you, eschewing strife,
  Shall have God's approbation.

1882.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

"And He said, It is not for you to know the times and seasons which the Father hath put in his own power." Acts i. 7.

'Tis not for me to know each time
    And season, known
To Him alone who sits sublime
    Upon the throne;
Enough for me, that, though unseen,
    He governs still,
And not an arm can intervene
    To thwart His will.

His purposes, in His decrees,
    Are all His own;

It is not mine to ask that these
To me be known;
I do not ask explained to me
The plans He makes:
Enough to know that in them He
Makes no mistakes.

His judgments, deep on either hand,
I cannot plumb;
Amid their mysteries I stand
Before Him, dumb;
But these, though wrapped to human ken
In gloom throughout,
Shall yet be solved, and naught shall then
Be left in doubt.

I through the veil that intercepts,
Ask not to see;
If He but show my way by steps,
Enough for me;
Though round about me all be dark,
With Him is day,
And, at His word, unawed my bark
I launch away.

Though night its shades may darkly lay
On hill and lakes,
Yet this I know, that day by day
The morning breaks;
So, let life's lights and shadows drear
Be what they may,
His voice enjoining faith, I hear,
And I obey.

Here though I oftentimes in tears
Forsaken seem;
And fleeting all on earth appears
As in a dream;
Yet, with His presence ever nigh,
I onward tread,
And leave to Him the reason why,
Without a dread.

I ask not, then, to have revealed
My future lot;
For, though the way be all concealed,
I falter not;
Since my Redeemer bids me go,
In Him I trust,
And though inscrutable I know
His ways are just.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

THE years have come, and years shall go,
In ever ceaseless flow,
Till Time is ended;
But who the years to come can know,
Or tell when death shall deal his blow,
As God intended?

He rules in sovereignty supreme,
And all the years eternal seem
As one before Him;

Though life to us seem one long dream,
To Him, as but a transient gleam
It flashes o'er Him.

Safe locked by Him, as He sublime
Forecasts the changing scenes of time,
Are times and seasons;
For none can heaven's high portals climb.
And charge Omniscient will with crime,
Or ask His reasons.

He knows what scenes to us shall come,
And in them, on our journey home,
Hath pledged to guide us;
Though gather round us shapes of gloom.
He, all our pathway to the tomb,
Will walk beside us.

When ends in death's dark vale our way,
His rod and staff shall be our stay,
And will not fail us;
We will not fear, nor let dismay
Our hearts with doubt and terror sway,
Though death assail us.

Soon shall our race on earth be run,
The fight be fought, the victory won
In life's endeavor;
Soon life beyond will be begun,
And times and seasons will be done
With us forever.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MISSION.

"Lo! I am with you always." Matt. xxviii. 20.

THE Master sends you, not alone,
Upon your mission,
But makes it yours in it to own
His recognition;
"Lo! I am with you always" runs
His blest assurance,
And till are quenched the rolling suns
Is it endurance.

Go ye to all the world, to men
Of every feature,
And where the curse of sin hath been,
Tell every creature
That men of every name on earth
May life inherit,
But only through the matchless worth
Of Jesus' merit.

Fling out the banner of the cross
O'er land and ocean,
Nor let its glory suffer loss
By lax devotion;
Make known to tribes in every land
What Jesus proffers,
Till all the nations understand
His gracious offers.

Be not disheartened in your toil,
For Jesus sends you;
Go, labor on; from naught recoil,
While He befriends you;
For He, though legion foes around
To whelm assemble,
Will make His grace to you abound,
And Satan tremble.

Then go, undaunted man the post
Of duty given,
Since round about encamp a host
Direct from heaven;
And whatsoever may betide
No harm can reach you,
For Jesus marches at your side
To guard and teach you.

And when the service here below
Hath been completed,
And sin and death and every foe
Hath been defeated,
Each who in Jesus' cause hath stood
In spirit fervent,
From Him shall hear, "Well, thou good
And faithful servant."

1880.

THERE IS A DARK, DARK LAND.

THERE is a dark, dark land,
A wide domain,
Where idol temples stand
On every plain;
There heathen millions own
Their gods of wood and stone,
Bowing to them alone,
Bowing in vain.

Hark! from that far-off shore
Come notes of woe;
The God whom we adore
They too would know;
Responsive to their need,
Who will their signals heed,
And 'neath the Master's lead,
Who, who will go?

Yes, joyful to their aid
A band hath gone
And lo! night's gloomy shade
Shall be withdrawn:
See! bright on India's strands,
On Afric's golden sands,
On China, and all lands,
A morning dawn.

Great God, arise and make
Thy glory known;

Let heathens all forsake
Their gods of stone;
Soon may earth's tribes among,
From every human tongue,
Hosannas glad be sung,
To Thee alone.

Almighty Lord, our King,
Thy right assume;
Subdue thy foes and bring
Thy ransomed home;
Wherever man is found
May grace and peace abound;
To earth's remotest bound
Thy kingdom come.

1859.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS.

THE whole wide world for Jesus,
For His is the domain.
And His is the dominion
From sea to sea to reign;
To Him the kings of Sheba
Their royal gifts shall bring,
And isles afar their tribute
Shall render to their King.

The whole wide world for Jesus;
His banner be unfurled

Wide as His great commission—
"Go ye to all the world,
And preach to every creature
The messages of peace;
Lo! I am with you alway,
Till time itself shall cease."

The whole wide world for Jesus;
Where Satan long hath reigned,
The Prince of Peace shall triumph,
The world shall be regained;
The realms which sat in darkness
Shall see the glorious light,
For lo! the dawn is breaking
Along the verge of night.

The whole wide world for Jesus
Oh Church of Christ, awake!
Put on thy strength, O Zion,
The post of duty take;
Go forth upon thy mission
In Jesus' name alone.
Till earth, with all her millions,
His sovereignty shall own.

The whole wide world for Jesus—
Behold, the time at hand!
His vanguard-hosts are massing
Their force in every land;
Each thrill of ocean's cable,
Each breeze fresh tidings brings
Of conquests won for Jesus,
The mighty King of kings.

The whole wide world for Jesus—
  Rejoice, ye sons of light!
For, brightly, scenes prophetic
  Are looming into sight;
The world from sleep is waking
  To sink in night no more,
For Jesus comes triumphant
  To reign from shore to shore.

1879.

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

GO ye to the open highways,
  To the homes and haunts of sin;
Go ye to the lonely byways,
  And compel them to come in;
Long the banquet has been waiting,
Long have some been hesitating,
Bid them come, without debating,
  All its benefits may win.

Go to ditches, lanes, and hedges,
  And invite the blind and lame;
Go, proclaim the Master's pledges,
  Without stint to *all* the same;
Bid them come, nor think of paying,
Jesus is the cost defraying;
Go, invite them from Him, saying,
  "Come in welcome in His name."

Go, and to the poor and lowly
  Bear the animating news,

That the Lord, though high and holy,
  Will no needy one refuse;
He is waiting to receive them,
He is willing to relieve them,
He will not, in aught, deceive them,
  All may freely come who choose.

Go, and spread the joyful tidings,
  Far as human want is known;
Bid them come, nor fear His chidings,
  For the banquet is His own:
From His own exhaustless coffers,
Jesus free the bounty proffers,
Come, partake the feast He offers,
  Spread by Him, and Him alone.

1881.

THE BATTLE CALL.

CHRISTIAN soldiers, wake from slumber!
  Rouse, and arm you for the fray!
For your foes, in countless number,
  Lo! are massing in array:
Now the pending crisis needs you
  And assurance bids endure,
For your Great Commander leads you,
  And the victory is sure.

Hark! the trumpet's signal given!
  And, as marching on the foe,
From the battlements of heaven
  Angels watch you as you go;

While, from service disencumbered,
Lo! a glory-radiant throng,
Clouds of witnesses unnumbered
View you as you pass along.

Hear your Leader's marching orders,
As He bids you to the front,
Where, as truth's undaunted warders,
You must meet and bear the brunt;
Hear His voice, o'er hill and wady,
Echoing clarion-like to you,
"Fear not them that kill the body,
And have then no more to do."

Onward march, where duty urges,
Firm of heart and true of soul,
Where the tide of battle surges,
Where its fiercest billows roll:
Hear Him, who the issues summeth,
Saying, "I, when ends the fight,
Will to him that overcometh,
Grant to sit with me in white."

Look! though long the battle rages,
And your arm aweary be,
Yonder on the rock of ages
Floats the flag of victory!
On that rock your King is seated,
Whose resources cannot fail,
He can never be defeated,
Nor the "gates of hell prevail."

1885.

MAY ALL BE ONE.

(John xvii. 11, 21, 22.)

ABOVE the tumult breeding,
In scenes where factions meet,
Is heard by ears unheeding,
In tones serene and sweet,
The voice of Jesus pleading;
And thus its accents run,
"That they may all, O Father,
Be one, as we are one."

The world hath not yet known Him
Throughout its wide domain;
For they who should enthrone Him,
And hail His peaceful reign,
Too oft by acts disown Him,
When pleading as the Son,
"That they may all, O Father,
Be one, as we are one."

Oh when shall strifes be ended,
And din and discord cease?
Oh when, on earth, be blended
Fraternity and peace?
That He who hath ascended,
May see the fact begun,
"That they may all, O Father,
Be one, as we are one."

Roll swiftly round, ye ages,
When brethren in the Lord
Shall, as His prayer presages,
Be all of one accord:
For now, though rancor rages,
His will shall yet be done,
"That they may all O Father,
Be one, as we are one."

1885.

HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE

(Mark xv. 13.)

LOUD rang the taunt from tongue to tongue,
When Jesus on the cross was hung,
"Himself He cannot save!"
"Father, forgive them!" faint He cried,
And meekly bowed His head and died—
Himself He could not save.

For others, not for self, He came,
For others bore the cruel shame,
And tenanted the grave;
He, in that hour of agony,
Vicarious paid sin's penalty—
Himself He could not save.

Then fling we back the scoffers' taunt,
And it shall be our proudest vaunt—
For us His life He gave;

For us He yielded up His breath,
For us it was He suffered death—
  Himself He could not save.

Loud let it ring o'er land and sea,
And bear the news to bond and free,
  In palace and in cave,
That Jesus came from heaven to win
A world from perishing in sin—
  Himself He could not save.

Abroad through the peopled world,
The Gospel banner be unfurled,
  And wide its signals wave;
Till all men know salvation's cost,
That Jesus died to save the lost—
  Himself He could not save.

1880.

WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

THERE is work enough, my brother,
  Earnest work for you to do;
Shuffle not upon another
  What the Master lays on you;
Leave the buried past behind you;
  Meet life's duties as they come,
Faithful at the post assigned you,
  Till the Master call you home.

See! the waving harvests whiten
  For the reaper's sickled hand;

See! prophetic prospects brighten
  Rich and ripe in every land;
Go and reap where, others toiling,
  You no labor have bestowed;
Go, nor from the work recoiling,
  Garner many a precious load.

Reap the fruit of patient tillage,
  While the days of promise last,
Ere the foe the harvests pillage,
  And the time to reap be past;
Many a golden sheaf, neglected,
  Perishes for lack of care;
Many a harvest, unprotected,
  Fails for lack of reapers there.

Long has been the call recurring,
  Who for us will go and reap?
Long has been the Church demurring,
  With her energies asleep;
Up! and wake the sluggard sleepers,
  For the morning is begun;
Up! and muster in the reapers,
  Ere the day for toil be done.

Lo! a famished world is waiting,
  Waiting for the bread of life;
Up! with ardor unabating,
  For sin's ravages are rife;
Up! and traverse plain and mountain,
  Till the perishing are found,
And by river-side and fountain
  Let the bread of life abound.

Make the wilderness a highway,
  Where the messengers may speed,
Till, in every lane and by-way,
  They shall reach the sons of need;
Let each worker do his duty,
  'Mid the scenes of human woes,
Then shall soon, in vernal beauty,
  Deserts blossom as the rose.

1880.

BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE.

GO not through life a vagrant,
  As if its aim were naught,
But make its pathway fragrant
  With deeds of kindness wrought;
Go, meet and do the duty
  The Master doth impose,
Then life, throughout, in beauty
  Shall blossom as the rose.

Here life is as a garden
  For thee to dress and keep;
Yet 'tis not thine as warden
  Alone to sow and reap;
But thine each plant to nourish,
  And thine, till life shall close,
To make thy garden flourish
  And blossom as the rose.

But has it long been sleeping,
  With nettles overgrown,

With ivy rankly creeping
  O'er every wall and stone?
Clear out its walks prosaic,
  And trim its wastes of prose,
Till, set in beds mosaic,
  It blossoms as the rose.

Oh why should heaven's warm breezes
  Breathe over it in vain?
Oh why, when sorrow freezes,
  Deem life an arid plain?
But sow along its edges
  Some seeds where naught now grows,
And soon its sightless hedges
  Shall blossom as the rose.

No life need e'er be shiftless,
  A drear and worthless plot,
With thorns and thistles thriftless
  O'erspreading every spot;
However cheerless seeming,
  If heart the task propose,
It may, with perfume teeming,
  Yet blossom as the rose.

Afar upon the mountains
  Though snows eternal rest,
Beneath flow living fountains,
  Fed from their snowy crest.
And when the spring unhinges
  The flood-gates winter froze,
Lo! earth with verdure fringes
  And blossoms as the rose.

So, though life's mountain ledges
  Be tipped at times with frost,
And all its summer pledges
  Appear in winter lost;
Yet let the sun in clearness
  Cut channels through the snows,
And lo! life's wintry drearness
  All blossoms as the rose.

Then up! and learn life's mission,
  Ere thou hast reached its goal;
Though sharp the competition,
  If thou hast aught of soul,
Fill life with noble actions;
  Then, heavy though its woes,
It, rich with benefactions,
  Shall blossom as the rose.

1882.

MORE LOVE FOR JESUS.

JESUS, I long to be,
In all life's ministry,
  More wholly Thine;
To live to Thee alone,
To have my heart Thy Throne,
To be, dear Lord, Thine own,
  No longer mine.

On Thee I fain would lean,
In every trying scene,
  For thy support;

Oh! aid me by Thy grace;
Reveal Thy loving face;
Be Thou my hiding-place,
  My sure resort.

The world is rude and cold;
Its taunts, with pain untold,
  My spirit chafe;
Mine is a bitter cup:
But come and with me sup—
Dear Lord, hold Thou me up,
  And I am safe.

Oh may I, day by day,
Walk with Thee on my way,
  As Enoch did;
Though many a dark command
I cannot understand,
Yet faith can take Thy hand,
  As Thou hast bid.

Jesus, on Thee I wait,
I long to have each trait
  With Thine accord;
To have Thee mould my will,
Each rising murmur still,
My heart with love to fill
  To Thee, my Lord.

I long to have my soul
More under Thy control
  Than e'er before;
To Thee my spirit turns;
My heart with ardor burns,

And all within me yearns
To love Thee more.

Come, Lord, possess my heart,
I would its every part
To Thee resign;
Do Thou with me abide,
Let self be set aside,
And let it be my pride,
That I am Thine.

Then, when my race is run,
When, all my labors done,
I come to Thee;
Oh banish every doubt,
Sustain my soul throughout,
O'er death make me to shout
The victory.

1881.

CLOSER TO THEE.

SAVIOUR, I fain would be
Closer to Thee,
Drawn by Thy love to me
Closer to Thee;
Thou art my only choice,
Make Thou my heart rejoice,
Calling, in tender voice.
Closer to Thee.

Tempted, my spirit clings
  Closer to Thee,
Cumbered, its burden brings
  Closer to Thee;
Where can I go for rest,
But to Thy loving breast?
Oh! to be closer pressed,
  Closer to Thee.

Saviour, in darkness, lead
  Closer to Thee;
Take me, in all my need,
  Closer to Thee;
Only when Thou art near
See I my pathway clear,
Draw me, in doubt and fear,
  Closer to Thee.

Keep Thou my wayward heart
  Closer to Thee;
Choose I the better part
  Closer to Thee;
Let me but feel Thy hand
Pressing, with love's command,
Till I confiding stand
  Closer to Thee.

Beckon, when foes are round,
  Closer to Thee;
Keep me, when griefs abound,
  Closer to Thee;
Comfort, and peace of mind,
Only in Thee I find,

Sorrows but closer bind,
  Closer to Thee.

Keep me, as friend to friend,
  Closer to Thee;
Ever, till life shall end,
  Closer to Thee;
Then, when I near the tomb,
Jesus, Redeemer, come,
Bear me in triumph home,
  Closer to Thee.

1881.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

O HOLY GHOST divine,
Upon our darkness shine
  And light our way;
Bid every doubt remove,
Our bosoms fill with love,
And lift our souls above
  To realms of day.

A joy serene impart,
Infuse in every heart
  Faith's calm repose;
More love for Jesus shed,
Who for our ransom bled,
And death a captive led.
  When He arose.

Here countless foes assail,
And we before them quail
  With baffled aim;
Oh, by Thy strength sustain,
And help us bear the strain,
Till we the victory gain
  In Jesus' name.

In all our pilgrim-state,
Our souls upon Thee wait,
  And trust Thy power;
Be Thou our stay and guide;
O'er all our steps preside,
And keep us near Thy side
  In peril's hour.

Oh, Comforter unseen,
On Thee our souls would lean
  Through death's dark vale:
Then, though in dread we grope,
Yet by Thine aid we hope,
That, when with death we cope,
  We shall prevail.

Firm still Thy promise stands,
And Thou wilt take our hands
  Amid the gloom—
Wilt by Thy presence cheer,
And whisper in our ear,
"Fear not, for I am near
  To waft you home."

1881

JACOB'S WRESTLING.

"And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Gen. xxxii. 26.

ON Thee, Thou great Unknown,
I am dependent,
For I am here alone,
Without defendant:
But Thou wilt mercy show
And not oppress me;
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

I know the night is past,
And day is breaking,
But I upon this cast
My all am staking;
I cannot bear the blow,
If Thou repress me,
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

The struggle has been long,
And strength is failing;
I know that Thou art strong
And all-prevailing,
But bodings darker grow,
And fears distress me;
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

The morning light will bring
Impending danger;

To Thee alone I cling,
A lonely stranger:
Oh save me from my foe,
And now redress me;
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

I would not, though I fail,
Be Thee impugning,
But let me now prevail
In importuning:
Since all to Thee I owe,
Bid hope possess me;
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

Thy seal is on me set,
And I am halting:
But Thou, though maiming, yet
Art me exalting:
Thou dost a name bestow—
As prince address me;
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

Thou Messenger Divine,
From heaven descended,
Oh! make me henceforth Thine,
Till life is ended;
Thou canst o'ercome, but oh!
Do not suppress me;
I will not let Thee go,
Except Thou bless me.

1880.

GOD'S TOUCH ON THE HEART.

"And there went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched." 1 Sam. x. 26.

FATHER, touch my heart and mould
All its elements completely;
Jesus' love to me unfold,
Till it sway my heart, and sweetly
Back from every evil hold.

For this froward heart of mine
Downward tends as on a river,
Floods of sin with it combine
Till from doom can naught deliver,
But that timely touch of Thine.

Lord, this heart hath grieved Thee much;
Just it were if Thou reject it;
But its waywardness is such,
That no power can e'er correct it
Save thine own Almighty Touch.

Satan, with his subtile skill,
In this heart is influential;
Captive led would be my will,
Unless Thou, by touch potential,
Strength to will and do instil.

Foes unseen, on every hand,
Stealthy lurk with aim malignant;
Father, I, at Thy command,

Only by Thy touch benignant,
Can their fierce assaults withstand.

Oft, through trials sore and long,
Sinks my heart in brooding sadness;
Till Thy promise gives a song—
Till Thy touch infuses gladness,
And its pressure makes me strong.

I am vile by Thee as seen,
All unfit for recognition;
I alone on mercy lean,
Lo! I come in deep contrition;
Touch my heart and make it clean.

Father, let Thine impress move,
Working in me Thy good pleasure;
Let my heart no longer rove,
But, when tempted out of measure,
Nerve me by Thy touch of love.

Then shall be my pathway clear,
While by Thee I am upholden;
Then shall vanish every fear,
For Thy presence shall embolden,
And Thy touch awaken cheer.

When in death I close my eyes,
And, from earthly scenes departing,
I to thee in spirit rise,
May Thy touch, assurance starting,
Welcome me to Paradise.

1881.

A BOW DRAWN AT A VENTURE.

"And a certain man drew a bow at a venture."
1 Kings xxii. 30, 34.

BOWMAN in the ranks of battle,
Deem not thine a bootless post,
Though thou, 'mid the din and rattle,
Art but one amid a host:
For an arrow from thy quiver
May be destined for an end,
Which shall serried squadrons shiver,
And the hearts of heroes rend.

Draw thy bow in earnest, bowman,
As an archer for a prize;
Yonder, as a private foeman,
Rides a monarch in disguise;
Fill thy bow with arrow gleaming,
Polished with a master's art,
For its barb, howe'er unseeming,
May transfix that monarch's heart.

Draw thy bow, then, though at venture,
As a hero in the van;
Waver not through fear of censure,
Draw it boldly like a man;
For a shaft, with will projected,
Stealing stealthy in the dark,
May, as sure as shaft directed,
Go unerring to its mark.

Draw thy bow, but not behind thee,
  Though it be a random shot;
Firmly, at the post assigned thee,
  Face the foe and falter not;
Send the leaping arrow singing
  Through the dim and dusty air,
Nothing doubting but its winging
  May a fated message bear.

Draw thy bow, but ere the arrow
  Feels the string's impulsive force,
Up to Him, who guides the sparrow
  On her viewless, airy course,
Lift in silence a petition,
  That the shaft, at venture sent,
May not, on its random mission,
  Be in fruitless effort spent.

Draw thy bow in comprehension
  Of the issues that may hinge;
Draw it to its utmost tension,
  Till the bow and barb impinge;
For thine arrow's fateful sending
  May the tide of battle turn,
And a kingdom's fate be pending
  On the glory it may earn.

1882.

THE GLEANER.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" Ruth ii. 19.

O GLEANER, who homeward, as if in retreat,
Art wearily plodding thy way,
Thou hast patiently wrought in the dust and the heat,
But why bringest thou with thee no bundle of wheat?
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have all day long, in the wearisome toil,
Been gleaning but stubble and hay;
I have labored as if on a barren soil,
And the elements seemed my endeavors to foil,
I have gleaned but in vain to-day.

O gleaner, who comest as if from a field
Where the sheaves in abundance lay,
Oh what by thy diligent hand is the yield,
And why is it close in thy mantle concealed—
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have come from the fields where the harvesters throng,
By the brook and the great highway;
As I flitted from field to field along,
I have listened to many a reaper's song;
I have gleaned but as vagrant to-day.

From the harvests that wave as the Master's pride,
Say, what bearest thou, gleaner, away?

With the earliest dawn thou hast thitherward hied,
But what bringest thou back at the eventide?
Oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have come from the fields on the harvested plain,
Where the reapers are happy and gay;
But the reapers are harvesting all the grain,
And the song that they sang was their own refrain;
I have gleaned but as gleaner to-day.

O gleaner, who comest with hands well filled,
As if gleaning where armfuls lay,
Oh, whence is the joy that thy bosom hath filled,
As if singing the song that the harvesters trilled,
Oh where hast thou gleaned to-day?

I have gleaned in the field where the Master assigned,
And have stayed where He bade me stay;
Where the owner and reapers alike were kind,
And permitted me many a sheaf to find—
I have gleaned as a *reaper* to-day.

1880.

"FEAR NOT, IT IS I."

(Mark vi. 45–50.)

HATH the Master bidden
Thee the deep to try,
Though o'ercast and hidden
Lowers the evening sky?
Venture forth obeying;

On the mountains praying,
Jesus signals, saying,
"Fear not, it is I."

Does the tempest, raging
Round thee fierce and high,
Ruin seem presaging?
Courage! help is nigh;
On the billows nearing,
Lo! thy Lord appearing,
Speaks in accents cheering,
"Fear not, it is I."

Does He, on the surges,
Seem as passing by?
Silent thus He urges
Thee for aid to cry;
Let not awe oppress thee,
Lo! He comes to bless thee,
Hear Him now address thee,
"Fear not, it is I."

Mid the darkness dreary,
Forced thine oar to ply,
Dost thou, worn and weary,
Often heave a sigh?
Jesus hears thy sighing,
He, thy need supplying,
Answers to thy crying,
"Fear not, it is I."

Does thy pathway only,
To thy longing eye,

Strewn with thorns and lonely
On before thee lie?
Lo! unseen, to guide thee,
Jesus walks beside thee,
Hear Him gently chide thee,
"Fear not, it is I."

What though, 'reft and cheerless,
All thy comforts fly!
Trust thy Lord, and fearless
Dread and doubt defy;
Onward press enduring,
Strength from Him securing,
Who still speaks assuring,
"Fear not, it is I."

1880

"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

(Matt. xiv. 27.)

[The same as the preceding, but in different meter amplified.]

DOES the Master bid on ruffled
Seas, at eve, thine anchor weighed,
Though distinct is heard in muffled
Tones the thunder's cannonade?
Launch away, His voice obeying,
Yonder on the mountain praying,
Jesus signals to thee, saying,
"It is I, be not afraid."

Do the storm-winds, round thee raging,
Sweeping on their wildest raid,
Only ruin seem presaging?
Courage! lo, in might arrayed,
Jesus, all their rage controlling,
Comes, and, on the rolling
Billows, speaks, in voice consoling,
"It is I, be not afraid."

Does He, as He treads the surges,
Seem thy vessel to evade?
Thus it is He silent urges
Thee to cry to Him for aid;
Let not doubt and dread oppress thee,
Lo! He comes in love to bless thee,
Hear Him o'er the waves address thee,
"It is I, be not afraid."

'Mid the darkness, lone and dreary,
Pressed by burdens on thee laid,
Dost thou often, worn and weary,
Sigh for comforts long delayed?
Jesus hears thy burdened sighing;
He Himself, thy need supplying,
Answers to thine earnest crying,
"It is I, be not afraid."

Does in life thy pathway only,
Leading through the densest shade,
Seem bestrewn with thorns, and lonely,
All along its uphill grade?
Jesus, lo! unseen, to guide thee,
Watchful walks Himself beside thee,

Hear Him often gently chide thee,
"It is I, be not afraid."

What though, 'reft, and lone, and cheerless,
Fears assail and foes upbraid,
Put thy trust in God, and fearless
Track the way the Master made:
Upward, onward press enduring,
Strength from Him alone securing,
Who thy heart is oft assuring,
"It is I, be not afraid."

1880.

TOUCHING THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

"And behold, a woman * * * came behind Him, and touched the hem of His garment; * * * and was made whole from that hour." Matt. ix. 20, 22.

If I cannot move the mountains,
By a faith that conquers all,
I can touch His garment's border,
And be loosed from Satan's thrall:
I may feel the double healing
Of my every sin and pain,
And, by virtue in the Healer,
Full salvation may obtain.

If I cannot on His bosom
Lean, as leaned the favored John,

I can sit with trusting Mary
  Lowly at His feet anon,
Welcoming the words of wisdom
  Flowing from His gracious lips;
I may catch the look of kindness
  Beaming in His gracious face.

If I cannot walk the billows,
  As the ardent Peter did,
I may bring the loaves and fishes—
  I can do as Jesus bid,
When the multitudes had eaten,
  Ere Gennesaret was crossed,
I can gather up the fragments
  So that nothing may be lost.

If I cannot shun the trials,
  Which so often come afresh,
And, by Satan sent to buffet,
  Are a thorn within the flesh;
I can take the precious promise,
  Which the praying Paul received,
"Lo! My grace shall be sufficient,"
  And by grace may be relieved.

If I cannot stop the current
  Of the ceaseless flow of time,
I may steer my boat upon it,
  Guided by His hand sublime,
Who, upon the troubled waters,
  Trod as on the solid land;
Who rebuked the winds and surges,
  And they sank at His command.

If I cannot stay the coming
  Of the stealthy step of death,
I can trust my all to Jesus—
  I can, till my latest breath,
Sing the mighty Victor's conquest,
  Who, triumphant from the grave,
Burst the bars of death asunder,
  And now ever lives to save.

1878.

GETHSEMANE.

(Matt. xxvi. : 36–45.)

GETHSEMANE, thine olive-grove
A welcome screen for Jesus wove,
  To veil His agony;
Oh when, thou lone and hallowed spot,
Can be by friend or foe forgot,
  Thy midnight mystery?

Beneath the darkness of thy shade,
The agonizing Saviour prayed;
  And, from the anguish felt,
Great drops, as it were bloody sweat,
Streamed down His cheeks, and falling, wet
  The ground whereon He knelt.

Oh, who can tell the strain intense
Of mind, in agonized suspense,
  In what He there achieved?

Who fathom all that wrung His heart,
As thrice He lowly knelt apart,
And plead to be relieved?

"My Father, if it may not be,
That now this cup shall pass from Me,
Thine own and only Son,
Except I drink it at Thy hand,
Then, Father, this my prayer shall stand,
Thy will, not Mine, be done."

Thrice did the lonely Sufferer plead,
And thrice returned, as if in need
Of sympathy's relief;
Thrice they who came a watch to keep,
Had sunk in weariness to sleep,
And heeded not His grief.

Ah! vain from them a cheer to seek,
Though heart were willing, flesh was weak—
No human arm could aid;
An angel for a moment came,
And, whispering the Father's aim,
Some strength to Him conveyed.

A world, in that dark, midnight hour,
While coping with Satanic power,
He bore on bended knee;
Alone the burden He sustained,
Alone the victory He gained,
In thee, Gethsemane.

Gethsemane, thy name is graved
Deep on the hearts of all the saved,

And cannot be erased;
For, till eternity shall end,
Oh, who in full can comprehend
The scene in thee embraced?

Draw near, my heart, and gaze anew
Where Jesus, on that night, withdrew,
To bear the load for thee!
Come, read the love that in Him wrought,
Come, linger long in tender thought,
In lone Gethsemane.

See where He, in that awful test,
Obeyed the Father's high behest
Submissively for thee;
Oh! think what torture He endured,
And what of bliss for thee secured,
In dark Gethsemane.

And when harassed by many a doubt,
And darkness gathers thick about,
Without one cheering ray;
Then to Gethsemane repair,
And listen to the Saviour's prayer,
And learn of Him to pray.

But, till life's service be resigned,
Shall ever sacred be enshrined
That scene of agony;
Let tears its clustered memories start,
But never, oh, my wayward heart!
Forget Gethsemane.

1880.

DRIFTING.

DOWNWARD, downward with the stream,
Crowds I see, as in a dream,
  Floating aimlessly along;
Now through flowery meads they glide,
Now behind a mountain hide,
Now, with others, side by side
They are drifting on the tide—
  Drifting as a giddy throng.

Onward, onward swift they verge
Toward that bourne, where soon shall merge
  Time into eternity!
Yet as birds upon the wing,
Thoughts of ill away they fling,
While the echoing hillsides ring
With the jocund songs they sing
  In their merry-making glee.

Backward, backward as they gaze,
O'er the past a misty haze
  Hangs aloft its distant marge;
While o'ercast in mystic blue,
Growing darker in its hue,
Bursts the future into view,
And, from vistas breaking through
  Opens ominous and large.

Upward, upward now the eye
Wanders vainly, to descry
  Objects floating dimly there;

For the peaks, which they have passed,
On the far horizon cast
Shadows magnified, and vast,
And which, spectre-like, at last
  Fill the landscape everywhere.

Seaward, seaward they forlorn,
Toward the shoreless sea are borne,
  Drifting on without a guide;
See, the lights along the shore,
Which of late appeared before,
Now are passed, and, misted o'er,
Seem receding evermore,
  As adrift at sea they ride!

Skyward, skyward in the gloom,
Billows on the ocean loom,
  And portentous shoreward roll;
Denser gather clouds around,
Louder booms the thunder's sound,
Peals from wave to wave rebound,
While earth, reeling under ground,
  Quakes from center to the pole.

Landward, landward tempests lower,
And they, wholly in their power,
  Now can see no lights astern;
From the past no glimmers sift;
In the future gleams no rift;
Never shall its darkness lift—
On, and on they ceasless drift,
  Never, never to return.

1880.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

[Shakespeare's "As you Like It." Act 1, Scene 2.]

THE CYNIC'S RESPONSE.

SHAKESPEARE, thou hast nodded too,
  Else thou wast but jesting,
Or wast speaking to the few,
  Who, incapable of testing,
Thought, forsooth, it must be true.

Any honest mind can see
  How absurd is such assertion;
And its only valid plea
  Is, it was a *fool's* diversion
To applaud adversity.

Can adversity have use,
  When the world a nuisance votes it?
Any man who, in excuse,
  Other than at discount quotes it,
In plain English, is a *goose*.

Tell the debtor he is blest,
  When his property is taken,
When, by poverty oppressed,
  Home and all must be forsaken:
He will tell you, "I know best."

Tell the prisoner in chains,
  Sweet is his enforced confinement;

He will tell you all his gains,
  By subservient resignment,
Are his trouble for his pains.

To the man who, scorched by heat,
  Sees his house reduced to ashes,
Shakespeare's silly saw repeat:
  He will tell you forty lashes
On his bare back are as sweet.

Tell the soldier in the ranks,
  Vain is he by glory tempted,
Victories are Fortune's blanks,
  And defeat, her prize pre-empted:
Scorn will be his only thanks.

Yet adversity, no doubt,
  Has advantages and uses;
But it somehow comes about,
  That, when slipping out of nooses,
Fools are in and rogues are out.

Thieves and swindlers understand
  Well the secret, how to use it;
Its resources they command,
  And, when victims would refuse it,
Bring it on them underhand.

Call not, then, its uses sweet;
  Shakespeare, it was downright lying!
And the man who will repeat
  What is common sense denying,
Must be styled an arrant *cheat*.

1881.

SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

[Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Act 1, Scene 2.]

THE CHRISTIAN'S RESPONSE.

SLOW indeed these hearts to learn,
That adversity has uses;
And how slower still to yearn
For the sweetness it produces,
As a sanctified return.

Ah! how hard these wills to melt
In the furnace of affliction;
Not till they the fire have felt,
Are they humbled in contrition
'Neath the strokes which God hath dealt.

Comfort comes not to the mind
Brooding only over sorrows;
It is only when resigned
That the heart, afflicted, borrows
Strength in need, relief to find.

Suffering can its lessons teach
Only when we breast its surges;
Trial can its purpose reach,
Only when its billow urges
Us, as swimmers, to the beach.

Sorrow ceases to corrode,
When the heart has learned its meaning;

Griefs become a heavy load,
  Only when they, overweening,
Morbidly our spirits goad.

Meekly, Jesus, though a Son,
  By endurance learned submission;
He the Father's smile had won,
  When he breathed the sweet petition,
"Not my will, but Thine, be done."

Thus the fruits of righteousness
  Only are in life maturing;
Thus it is our hearts confess
  That adversity-enduring
Has its uses none the less;

Uses which subdue the heart
  Sweetly into resignation,
Helping it to bear the smart,
  Till the Father's approbation
Wipes away the tears that start.

Thus it is we realize
  All the good our Father meant us;
That afflictions, as they rise,
  Through His loving-kindness sent us,
Prove but blessings in disguise.

So shall each adversity,
  As He makes it pass before us,
Sweet in all its uses be,
  Till it open brightly o'er us
Heaven's perfected liberty.

1881.

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.

Rev. xxi. 25.

OH! a beautiful home is the city of light,
Where each stone is a sparkling gem;
For the glory of God and the Lamb in it bright
Shall eternally shine—there shall be no night
In the New Jerusalem.

Ere the dawning of time, in the ages of old,
Its foundations eternal were laid;
Its endurable walls of ethereal mould,
And its permanent pavements of burnished gold,
By its Maker and Builder were made.

Not a shadow is e'er in its thoroughfares known,
Nor a cloud on its firmament seen;
But, by radiance streaming direct from the throne,
Luminosity gathers on every stone,
Till the city is bathed in the sheen.

Not an echo of sorrow, or sighing, or pain,
In its mansions of bliss shall arise;
For the Lamb that was slain, and who liveth again,
In the midst of His chosen in person shall reign,
And shall wipe all tears from their eyes.

Ambiguities, deemed so inscrutable here,
Shall be there disencumbered of doubt:
He, who sits on the throne, shall each mystery clear,

And obscurities make as in noon-day appear,
  And invest them with lustre throughout.

There the scenes that have tempted us here to repine,
  Shall be mantled with halos of light;
For opacities here, by a process divine,
As transparencies there shall resplendently shine,
  Like the stars on the bosom of night.

There each dweller admitted, appareled in white,
  Shall a garland of amaranth wear;
And in rapturous anthems unceasing unite,
Unappalled by a foe, and unthrilled by a fright,
  For no night shall envelop him there.

Be encouraged, my soul; that delectable clime,
  With its glories, for thee is in store;
For its day-spring has decked the horizon of time,
And shall presently usher that day sublime,
  When the night shall be dreaded no more.

1881.

HOMEWARD.

HOMEWARD with the setting sun,
When his daily task is done,
  Hies the laborer apace;
For he knows that at the gate
Watchfully his children wait,
And, with little hearts elate,

Claim the kiss affectionate,
In their father's loved embrace.

Homeward drawn the mother hastes,
Not a single moment wastes,
When her purchases are done;
For she knows her little group,
There, discarding tie and loop,
All are waiting on the stoop,
And their little hearts would droop,
Were she not to kiss each one.

Homeward hastes the husband true,
When his meted task is through
In the thronging city mart;
How his love, rekindled, burns!
How delay his footstep spurns!
How with keen delight he yearns!
As at eve he home returns
To the cherished of his heart.

Homeward hies the troubadour,
From crusade, or pilgrim-tour,
In the land of holy shrines;
Hasting o'er the waters blue,
He, with longing heart and true,
Tunes his light guitar anew
For the lady-love he knew
In the land for which he pines.

Homeward speeds the traveler keen,
Who hath many a city seen
Far on many a foreign strand:

Ere the distant sight he gains,
How his eager eye he strains,
Until he a glimpse obtains
Of the hill-tops and the plains,
  Of his own loved native land.

Homeward thus the spirit tends,
When this life of turmoil ends,
  And the Master's call has come;
When the battle-roar has ceased,
From the ranks of war released,
How it now, with zest increased,
Longs at length to join the feast
  In the saints' eternal home.

1881.

THE BIBLE.

BOON divine, a precious treasure,
Yielding a profounder pleasure
  Than all other books beside;
Other books may interest us,
But this only can invest us
  With a conscience satisfied.

When life's trials round us thicken,
When our souls begin to sicken
  With the ruse of threatened ill,
How its comforts have relieved us!
They have never yet deceived us
  With the husks which cannot fill.

Oft, when Satan hath assailed us,
When each earthly aid had failed us,
  Which we fondly thought secure,
Have we found within its pages,
Cheer, which every grief assuages,
  When all others fail to cure.

Critics, higher stand-points gaining,
Tell us it is but containing
  Scraps of legendary lore!
Myths, immixed with facts historic,
Flights of fancy sophomoric—
  Merely these and nothing more.

Sceptics, too, its teachings scouting,
Tell us wisdom lies in doubting;
  Reason, led by science, rules;
They, its warnings disregarding,
All its promises discarding,
  Reckon faith the part of fools.

But we will not yield to any,
Though it be reviled by many,
  For it is our soul's support;
On this rock of our salvation
We, unflinching, take our station,
  And unawed will hold the fort.

Ours is not a blind reliance,
When we bid the world defiance,
  In a refuge so complete;
All its foes have been mistaken,
It, assailed, has stood unshaken,
  It has never known defeat.

It has passed through storms the loudest,
And shall last, though crumble proudest
  Forms of architectural art;
For the Hand that built the mountains,
Wrote it from the living fountains
  Of His own parental heart.

Though at times proscribed and branded,
And its banishment commanded,
  As a book of vile import,
It has stood the test of ages,
And, while atheism rages,
  Is to millions their resort.

It of old, in boldest manner,
Its glad message, as a banner,
  Wide before the world unfurled;
Simple, as for children's reading,
Yet the wise in wisdom leading,
  It was meant for all the world.

Let, then, scoffers call it folly,
Aim at it their heaviest volley,
  Deem it book of no account;
We accept its Inspiration,
Hold it still in veneration,
  Count its doctrines paramount.

For, by it to man benighted,
Immortality is sighted,
  Through a medium all its own;
It, though often underrated,
Is with hopes eternal freighted,
  Found in it, and it alone.

JUST FIFTY YEARS AGO.

[Address to an aged couple on the anniversary of their Golden Wedding.]

JUST fifty years ago
The golden knot was tied,
Which joined, for weal or woe,
Your lot, as groom and bride;
Then you, as man and wife,
Stepped in one boat to row,
Upon the voyage of life,
Just fifty years ago.

Just fifty years ago!
But years, as counted then,
Appeared to move so slow
That one seemed more than ten;
Nor could you then presage
What life might have in tow,
For life appeared an age
Just fifty years ago.

Just fifty years ago!
But ah! how fleet, when past,
Those years have seemed to go;
They but a shadow cast,
Then vanished soon away,
As dreams, or pageant show;
Till seems as yesterday
Just fifty years ago.

Just fifty years ago!
But oh, how very few,
Then passing to and fro,
Survive of those you knew;
Death took them one by one,
Till most are lying low,
Who were familiar known
Just fifty years ago.

Just fifty years ago,
When blessings were invoked,
That God might years bestow
On you in wed-lock yoked;
The years invoked have come,
And more than you could know;
When you began your home,
Just fifty years ago.

Just fifty years ago!
And lovely children now
Their warm affection show,
In wreathing for your brow
A garland fresh and green,
To bring afresh the glow
Of that glad wedding scene,
Just fifty years ago.

Just fifty years ago!
And long may life still hold
Its even-tenored flow;
And joys, as pure as gold,
Be yours, till life is done;
And then may Heaven's bright bow

Still span the good begun
  Just fifty years ago.

Just fifty years ago!
  But years that are in store
You may not fully know;
  But, when you reach the shore
Where endless ages roll,
  No more shall death then throw
Its shadows o'er the soul,
  As fifty years ago.

Just fifty years ago!
  So years of life are told;
Time still his swath shall mow,
  Removing young and old;
But let, whate'er it does,
  Your GOLDEN WEDDING show,
That love is what it was
  Just fifty years ago.

1883.

TO MY WIFE.

[Addressed to her on the 30th anniversary of our wedding.]

JUST thirty years to-day, love,
  Just thirty years to-day,
Since you and I so gay, love,
  Together took our way:
Then bright before us shone, love,
  The scenes that beckoned on,

For I was then your own, love,
And you my MARION.

Then kindred far and near, love,
Breathed for us each a prayer;
And, as they gave us cheer, love,
We were a happy pair;
And all was full of hope, love,
Above our pathway then,
We felt that we could cope, love,
With even bravest men.

Those days were golden days, love;
Sweet memories cluster there,
Like minstrel's echoed lays, love,
Upon the evening air:
O'er many a league of sea, love,
O'er many a mile of land,
You trustingly with me, love,
Have journeyed hand in hand.

W've traveled in the east, love,
We've traveled in the west;
Our home has been at least, love,
A dozen times possessed:
At times a lowly tent, love,
Out on the Syrian plains;
But we were then content, love,
If sheltered from the rains.

Those scenes are not forgot, love—
The many ills we saw—
Sometimes our bed a cot, love,
Sometimes a heap of straw,

With donkey-drivers round, love,
And donkeys at the door,
Our resting-place the ground, love,
Upon a stable floor.

But we were sorer tried, love,
And darker rose the cloud,
When, as our first-born died, love,
We wrapped her in her shroud:
And heavy though the cross, love,
We bore her to the tomb,
With few to mourn our loss, love,
Or realize our gloom.

But other scenes have come, love,
And those have passed and gone;
We have our own dear home, love;
Before it is the lawn,
The trees around are green, love,
The willows drooping low,
And flowers in bloom, are seen, love,
And daily sweeter grow.

But though the roses bloom, love,
And all around is fair,
I still am here in gloom, love,
And lonely everywhere;
For I am here at home, love,
And you so far away;
And thirty years have flown, love,
Since dawned our wedding-day.

How swift these years have flown, love,
We need not now be told;

Our children up are grown, love,
And we are growing old:
A few more years at best, love,
Shall greeting signals wave,
And we shall be at rest, love,
Within the silent grave.

1878.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

[To Rev. S. Dryden Phelps, D. D., on the anniversary of his 70th birthday, May 15, 1886.]

THREE score and ten at length are numbered
Of thine as yet unnumbered years;
But all have not been years encumbered
Alone with sighs and pains and tears:
Though some indeed may have been weighted
With grief and mournings for the dead,
Yet hath thy life been kindly freighted
With blessings in profusion shed.

Three score and ten; and warm the greeting
Of friends whom thou hast cherished long,
And, in their gratulations meeting,
Are blended harmonies of song:
While sweet, as when they first were drafted,
Come floating from the past to thee,
As on the wings of echo wafted,
The strains of thine own minstrelsy.

Three score and ten; and brightly looming
Is hope thy future gilding fair,

With promises, as roses blooming,
  With fragrance sweet perfume the air;
And as these auspices betoken,
  Thy future glows serenely bright;
For hath it not of old been spoken,
"At evening time it shall be light"?

Three score and ten; with heart as willing,
  And hand as valiant for the truth,
As when thou wast with first love thrilling,
  In all the buoyancy of youth:
With armor on, thou standest waiting
  The Master's purpose to fulfil,
Thy will, with ardor unabating,
  Is but to know and do His will.

Three score and ten; and henceforth golden
  Become the years that shall be thine;
To show thy worth, however olden,
  Hath no abatement or decline;
But firm thy heart, where duty beckons,
  To follow no delusive wraith,
But, till the Master comes and reckons,
  To fight unawed the fight of faith.

Three score and ten; each year collecting
  Rich gems to deck thy diadem,
And, in their lustre, each reflecting
  The glittering star of Bethlehem:
Then Jesus, when thy course is ended,
  Shall with that crown thy brow invest,
And, by His angel-bands attended,
  Receive thee to eternal rest.

1886.

WHISKY SOVEREIGNTY.

Lo! his majesty, Whisky, who wan and old
In the days of our fathers stood,
Is renewing his age, and is growing bold,
O'er the victories won by his heaps of gold,
And is challenging all that is good.

In imperial pomp, and no longer in stealth,
He is stalking in pride abroad:
He is followed by crowds, he is courted by wealth,
Yet is dealing in death, and is poisoning health,
And is tainting the air with fraud.

He has vassals unnumbered in manhood's prime,
Who are working with will at his price;
He has dram-shops sowing the seeds of crime,
He has countless slums of debauch and slime;
Which are filling the land with vice.

There are drunkard's graves by the thousands now,
Where there once were only a score!
There is many a snare and many a slough,
There is many a revel and many a row,
Where they never were known before.

But his readiest tools are the heart and head,
That are heavy with drink each night;
There is never a riot by passions bred,
But the drunkard's swagger and sot's cold lead
Are his minions embroiling the fight.

Yet his majesty struts in supreme disdain,
And defies his arrest by law;
Though by tens of thousands are counted his slain,
It is naught; for he stands on his own domain,
And he recks not the havoc a straw.

As a monarch he enters the halls of state,
And controls the enactments there;
He assumes command with a heart elate,
And with foot on all that is good or great,
He insists on the lion's share.

Shall he sweep thus on, in his mighty raid,
Where the flag of our Union waves?
And beneath its folds, in its very shade,
Shall he revel at will, and, undismayed,
Make our rulers his abject slaves?

Ah! methinks that our sires, could they now arise,
Would disown their sons in shame,
For their dastardly mien, and their traitorous guise,
While the spoiler his arts so successfully plies,
To degrade the American name.

Shall the sight of the drunkard's home disgraced,
And the tears of his desolate wife,
Shall the sight of our common manhood debased,
And the noblest part of the soul defaced,
Not enkindle a spark of life?

Let us pledge by the fame that our fathers won,
By the freedom their life-blood bought,
That the spoiler shall cease in his work begun,

And our land be the freest beneath the sun
From the ruin which rum hath wrought.

Let us rise in our might, and, with purpose pure,
Let us buckle our armor on;
For our cause is just, and its triumphs sure,
And the boon to be won shall as long endure
As the name of Washington.

But we must not assume that success in our cause
Though assured by the favor of Heaven,
Is alone in the clamor of party applause;
But insist on enactment of righteous laws,
To retain what our sires have given.

Let us on to the front, and, with trust in the right,
To the God of our fathers pray,
And resolve that we never will yield the fight,
Till, in putting the mighty destroyer to flight,
PROHIBITION has gained the day.

1880.

VIRGINIA, THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENTS.

MOTHER of presidents,
Honored with residents
Serving the state;
Much have they done for thee,
Glory begun for thee,
Prominence won for thee,
Rendered thee great.

Noble in dignity,
Free from malignity,
  Fearing no foe:
Peerless thy Washington,
Famed was thy Jefferson,
Manly thy Madison,
  True thy Monroe.

Long shall futurity
Hold in security
  Cherished, each name:
Bravely they fought for thee,
Nobly they wrought for thee,
Earnestly sought for thee
  Permanent fame.

E'er have thy denizens,
Statesmen and citizens,
  Tyranny scorned;
Honoring bravery,
Frowning on knavery,
Burying slavery
  Deep and unmourned.

Type of urbanity,
Hold for humanity
  Stainless thy crown;
Then shall posterity,
Blest with prosperity.
Void of asperity,
  Own thy renown.

Thine is maternity
Blest for eternity,

Blest in thy sons,
Who, in maturity,
Have in their purity,
Spiked for futurity
Tyranny's guns.

Throned in tranquillity,
Thine is nobility
Worthy the name;
Rich must thy story be,
Thine shall a glory be,
Till thou shalt hoary be,
Privileged dame.

1879.

TOMB OF JEFFERSON.

DUST of Virginia's politician,
Her statesman, patriot, patrician,
Be thine his Monticello's fame;
His was a grand, a noble mission,
His country's weal his chief ambition,
Her interests his highest aim:
And while America's position
Shall freedom to the brave proclaim,
His leading, in her recognition,
Shall, in her story, shrine his name.

He firm amid his peers was standing,
When foemen on her shores were landing

To crush our country's liberty:
Then with our Washington commanding
The brave, whom England's king was branding
As rebels to his majesty,
He stood undaunted, notwithstanding,
With those resisting tyranny,
And who their country's name were handing
Untarnished to posterity.

Famed author of the Declaration
Of Independence of the nation
Which he was proud to call his own;
His State's ensured emancipation
From all religious domination,
As by him in her statutes shown;
His fatherhood of education—
Her University alone
Shall stand, his fame's impersonation,
When crumbles monumental stone.

Anew a grateful land is twining
A tribute, which, though late, is shrining
His name among the great of earth;
For, when our foemen were combining,
And many a quailing heart was pining
To save its home and hallowed hearth,
He stood, with life and honor signing
The charter of our nation's birth,
And in it fearlessly defining
Humanity's enfranchised worth.

Here be this dust its native dust resuming,
And where his Monticello, looming,

Looks down upon the setting sun,
A nation's honored shrine becoming,
The statesman's last remains entombing,
A nation's tribute nobly won;
For, till our nation's guns cease booming,
Till yonder river cease to run,
Till time itself is all consuming,
Shall live the name of JEFFERSON.

1879.

THE OLD AND NEW DOMINION.

[A satire on readjustment of the Virginia State-debt.]

AMONG the peaks of Ottar
I laid me down and slept;
And as I lay in slumber,
A vision o'er me swept,
Which left me half bewildered;
And I am still in doubt,
And puzzled in the effort
To make the meaning out.

Methought a hall of justice
Rose stately into place,
And there, within it gathered,
As of a noble race,
I saw a solemn conclave
Of solemn jurists sit;
And all around was solemn,
And every brow was knit;

And bright above those judges,
In lettering sublime,
There shown a golden legend,
Which grander grew with time:
"THE OLD DOMINION'S HONOR,
HER GLORY AND RENOWN,
SHALL LIVE TILL TIME IS ENDED,
VIRGINIA'S JEWELED CROWN:"

And there I saw those jurists,
In full accordance blent,
Sit signing at a table
A legal document;
And when each one had signed it,
The clerk his glasses donned,
And read out, clear and ringing,
"THE OLD DOMINION'S BOND:"

And when the scribe had finished,
In patriotic pride
The chairman rose, and answered:
"Whatever may betide,
That document is sacred,
And firm shall stand as fate;"
Then on it set, in sanction,
Virginia's seal of State:

And then, as if by magic,
The conclave seemed dissolved,
And in its place a caucus;
And partisans resolved,
And made their flaming speeches,
And seemed aroused to ire,

For wrath was in their features,
And every eye flashed fire;

And louder grew the tumult,
And wild the storm within,
Till every voice was clashing,
In one confusing din:
It seemed as if "in limbo,"
And yet it was not there;
But ghosts came crowding round me,
And flitting everywhere.

And every ghastly phantom
Appeared to wear a crest,
And flapped, like Peter's rooster,
And crowed their very best:
They made the welkin echo,
And all was in a hum,
As of ten thousand demons
In Pandemonium!

Loud rang the cry of treason
Against a sovereign State,
And louder still the charges
In partisan debate;
When lo! that golden legend,
That lettering sublime,
Which bore the test of ages,
Was covered o'er with slime.

Then, as I looked, a phantom,
On discord only bent,
Produced the jurists' paper,
That legal document,

And wrote along its margin
The flaming word ADJUST!
Then tore the sacred emblem,
And stamped it in the dust!

I stood aghast, and wondered,
Exceeding sore amazed;
Till came a shape, and whispered,
As vacantly I gazed:
"This is the OLD DOMINION,
The OLD has passed away;
The sway of READJUSTERS
Virginia owns to-day."

Anon the vision vanished;
The strife of party cleared;
When lo! that hall of justice
In glory reappeared:
And there that golden legend
Still glittered uneffaced,
HER BOND VIRGINIA HONORS—
VIRGINIA UNDISGRACED.

1879.

ONLY A BABY.

ONLY a baby, so tiny, so canny,
Emblem of innocence, weakness, and wants,
Petted, and fretted, and teased by so many—
How they are mauling him,
Pulling and hauling him—
Handled and dandled by cousins and aunts.

Only a baby, now growing and crowing,
  Ready to laugh, and as ready to cry;
Coying, coquetting, so cunning, so knowing—
    What can be done with him,
    But to make fun with him?
  Stealing a kiss, and a nudge, on the sly.

Only a baby, in mischief forever,
  Noisily busy from morning till night;
Yet so amusing, so merry, so clever,
    What can you say to him,
    What, but to play to him?
  Letting him caper with all his might.

Only a baby, but playing the tyrant,
  Saucily saying "I won't," and "I will,"
Coaxing till winning, so archly aspirant—
    What can you do with him?
    Glad to get rid of him,
  Only when tucked in his cradle, and still.

Only a baby, now walking, and talking,
  Making all ring with his racket and fun,
Rollicking, frolicking, stammering, stalking,
    How can you share with him,
    How can you bear with him,
  Armed with his drum, and his whistle and gun?

Only a baby—a school-boy in trousers,
  Trudging each morning away to his school;
Joining his mates in exuberant rousers—
    How it amuses him,
    While it excuses him,
  Setting a trap for an April-fool!

Only a baby—a baby no longer,
Growing to boyhood as fast as he can;
Stouter in body, and mentally stronger,
Now he is yearning for,
Now he is burning for,
Time to go by to be counted a MAN.

1880.

DON'T STOP MY PAPER, PRINTER.

DON'T stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
I've many things to purchase,
And dollars hard to get;
But tug a little longer
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may;
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan:
They don't just say—but mean it—
"Why don't you have your own?"

You can't tell how we miss it,
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late;

Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry;
And, printer, if you're married,
You know the reason why.

The children want their stories,
And wife is anxious too,
At first, to glance it over,
And then to read it through;
And I to read the leaders,
And con the book-reviews,
And scan the correspondence,
And every scrap of news.

I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try;
For other people take it,
And, printer, so must I;
I, too, must keep me posted,
And know what's going on,
Or feel, and be accounted,
A fogy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you know;
But I must have my paper,
Cost what it may to me;
I'd rather dock my sugar,
And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown,

For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down;
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring me weekly,
Its welcome benison.

1880.

DEATH OF THE FAITHFUL DOG JACK.

I AM seated in my study,
Brain is thick, and thought is muddy,
Every nerve is on the rack;
Fain would I write glib and gladly,
But we all are feeling badly;
We are mourning sore and sadly,
Mourning over faithful Jack.

Jack is dead! the good old fellow,
Grizzled, red and white and yellow,
Foe to foes and friend to friends;
True, he had a trick of snooping,
Nosing round, and sometimes swooping
Down among the hens; then stooping,
Crouching low to make amends.

It was Sunday he was taken;
All day long he looked forsaken,
Scarcely uttering a sound;

Yet all night we heard him barking,
Though it seemed not worth remarking;
Possibly some dog was larking—
  Larking sly, or prowling round.

But the dog was sick and dying:
We next morning found him lying,
  Breathing quick and heavily;
Some said he was mad, and shunned him;
Some that one had struck and stunned him;
But there lay the dog and sunned him—
  Sunned him, but in agony.

When I spake, he seemed to know me,
Looked, and tried so hard to show me
  That he recognized me still,
That I could not help but pity;
Yet I knew, in all the city,
Not a person, wise or witty,
  Could assist with drug or pill.

Quivered he as aspen quivers,
Or as boy half-frozen shivers
  With the sleet full in his face:
He was poisoned, none could doubt it;
None who saw him writhe would scout it,
But I did not want to flout it,
  For what man could be so base?

But the dog was growing weaker,
With a piteous, kinder, meeker
  Look, which cannot be forgot;
Yet, as now he fast was failing,
And as hope was unavailing,

Though it caused a secret quailing,
I, reluctant, had him shot.

So he died, and consequently—
For we could not keep him—gently
He was buried with regret:
Lone and sad the coachman wheeled him,
For unwheeled no man could wield him,
And, where waving oak-trees shield him,
There we buried Jack, the pet.

Do you wonder we are lonely?
Where he kenneled, now is only
Silence, undisturbed and deep;
He was always glad to greet us,
Always waiting round to meet us,
And, when racing, sure to beat us—
Beat us, and ahead would keep.

But no more will Jack attend us,
Watchfully no more defend us,
Day and night, from tramp or thief:
Lone is now the barn and stable,
Always there when he was able,
Feasted from his master's table—
He is gone, and we in grief.

Farewell, Jack! who us attended,
Farewell, now! thy days are ended,
Now with all the world at peace;
There no pest will e'er infest thee,
There no foe will e'er molest thee,
There in peaceful slumbers rest thee,
Till eternal ages cease!

1881.

POETICAL MUSINGS ON THE DESCENT OF CHRIST INTO HADES.

Sketched by request, by John W. Goethe, 1765.

[This was Goethe's first published poem, written at the age of sixteen; but in it is seen the promise of his grander achievements in verse in later years. Its versification, in the original, is smooth and vigorous; its rhythm characteristic of Goethe's style, which gives such a charm to all his poetry. The metre is easy-flowing and natural, making it all the more difficult to reproduce its double-rhyming, with equal smoothness, in English. The German language, by reason of its numerous double-ending formations, is peculiarly adapted to double-rhyming metres, while the English, lacking a like profusion of these, is less adapted to such metres. The aim of the present version is an approximation, as near as the two languages will admit, to a metrical and literal conformity to the original.]

WHAT an unwonted perturbation!
Through heaven resounds an exultation!
  On moves a mighty host;
With thousand millions on Him waiting,
The Son of God, His throne vacating,
  Is hasting to yon dismal coast;
He hastes, by thunder-storms escorted,
  As Judge he comes, and Champion,
He goes, and stars are all distorted,
  And quakes the world, and quakes the sun.

I see Him on His march victorious,
Upborne on fiery chariots glorious,
  Who on the cross for us expired;

He shows His conquest in yon distance,
Beyond the world, 'yond stars' existence,
  The conquest He for us acquired:
He comes to work Hell's desolation,
  Whom late His death did there consign;
She'll hear from him her condemnation—
  Hark! now is ripe the curse condign.

Hell sees her Victor onward wending,
She feels her might already ending;
  She quails, and shuns His dreaded sight;
She knows His thunder's awful horror,
She seeks in vain some refuge for her,
  She fain would fly—can make no flight;
She vainly hastes her lot to better,
  And from her Judge herself to free;
The Lord's wrath, like a brazen fetter,
  Fast holds her feet: she cannot flee.

Here lies the Dragon crushed and trampled,
And on him feels revenge exampled,
  He feels and gnashes out his ire;
He feels all Hell's excruciation,
He groans and yells, without cessation,
" Destroy me, O thou glowing fire;"
There lies he on the ocean fuming,
  Where pain and anguish ever blast,
He swears the pang is him consuming,
  But hears that pang shall ever last.

There, too, are yonder mighty forces,
Who were in crime his main resources,
  Though none was near so base as he;

Here lies that countless throng distracted,
In blackened, frightful crowds compacted,
  In fiery Orcus round him, see!
He sees how from their judge they're shrinking,
  He sees how them the storms beset;
He sees, but thence no joy is drinking,
  For his own pain is greater yet.

The Son of man in triumph passes
On downward to Hell's black morasses,
  And bright His glory there displays;
Hell cannot bear its radiation,
For, since the day of her creation,
  O'er darkness she her sceptre sways;
She, far out from all light effulgent,
  With torments filled in chaos lay,
The sunshine of His face indulgent
  God turned from her fore'er away.

Now sees she in her precincts streaming
The Son's resplendent glory gleaming,
  The awful majesty He hath;
She sees with thunders Him surrounded,
She sees the rocks all start astounded,
  As God before her stands in wrath;
She sees Him come her doom to render,
  She feels the smarts to her applied,
She longs in pain at once to end her;
  This boon to her is now denied.

Now thinks she on her bliss primeval,
Back on that time beyond retrieval,
  When that same glance did joy excite;

When still her heart, to virtue plighted,
Her raptured soul, in youth unblighted,
Was ever full of fresh delight;
She thinks with rage on her malignance,
How bold she man beguiling caught;
She thought on God to wreck indignance,
But feels she what on her she brought.

God became man, to earth proceeding,
"He, too, shall be my victim bleeding,"
Spake Satan, in exulting glee;
He sought to spoil man's Mediator,
"At length shall die the world's Creator,"
But, Satan, endless woe to thee;
Thou thought'st to hurl Him prone behind thee,
Didst glory in His suffering,
But He triumphant comes to bind thee,
"And where, O death! is hence thy sting?"

Hell, speak! where is thy victory vaunted?
See, now, where lies thy power so flaunted;
Ah! knowest thou now the Highest's might?
See, Satan, see thy sway exploded,
By thousand varied tortures loaded,
Thou liest in dismal, endless night;
There liest thou, as by lightning blasted,
No gleam of bliss rejoices thee;
'Tis vain, thou hast no hope forecasted,
Messiah died alone for me.

Up through the air a yell is pealing,
Quick are yon blackened caverns reeling,
As Christ toward Hell doth nearer draw;

She snarls in rage, yet is her raging
Our mighty Champion assuaging,
He nods—all Hell shrinks hushed in awe!
Rolled at His voice His thunders quiver,
His conquering banner floats on high,
Before His wrath e'en angels shiver,
As Christ to judgment draweth nigh.

Anon He speaks; His speech is thunder;
He speaks, and rocks are rent asunder,
His breath is like consuming blaze;
Thus speaks He: "Quail! ye reprobated,
Who you in Eden execrated,
HE comes your empire now to raze;
Look up! ye were My sons exalted,
Ye me defiantly have spurned,
Ye fell, and rashly Me assaulted,
Ye have the pay ye duly earned.

"Yes, ye became My worst traducers,
Became My dearest friends' seducers,
Man fell, as you, My most esteemed;
Ye would that they might all have perished,
Ye would that death might all have cherished;
But howl ye! I have them redeemed!
For them I here my way am making,
For them I suffered, plead, I died!
Ye shall not gain your undertaking;
Who trust in me shall death abide.

"There lie ye bound in chains eternal,
There's naught can save from depths infernal,
No penance, no audacity;

There lie, and writhe, in sulphur burning,
Ye were in haste your doom in earning,
Now lie, and wail eternally;
Ye, too, so I my choice have taken,
Ye, too, My mercy did defame,
Ye, too, shall be fore'er forsaken,
Complain ye? charge on Me no blame.

"Ye might have lived with Me unblighted,
For this My word to you was plighted,
But ah, ye sinned, and did revolt;
Ye lived in sleep of sin's pollution,
Now racks you righteous retribution,
Feel ye My law's dread thunderbolt!"
So spake He, and a whirlwind frightful
Forth from Him goes, His lightnings glow,
His thunders seize the culprits, spiteful,
And plunge them deep in depths below.

The God-man bars Hell's portals dismal,
And soaring from those realms abysmal,
In all his glory rises soon;
He sits beside His Father pleading,
Will e'er for us be interceding—
He will! O friends, what boon!
The angels' festal choirs are singing
Before the mighty God, in strains
That all the universe hears ringing,
GREAT IS THE LORD, THE GOD WHO REIGNS!

1845—1884.

MIGNON. (Goethe.)

KNOW'ST thou the land of the citron in bloom,
Where the gold-orange glows in its leafage of gloom?
From the blue sky a zephyr is whispering bland,
And the still myrtle grows, and the tall laurels stand—
Know'st thou it well?
It is there, it is there,
That I would I could with thee, my dearest, repair.

Know'st thou the house, on whose shafts rests a dome,
And there glistens its hall, and there glitters its room?
There the marble busts stand, and are staring at me;
Oh, my child, and what have they done unto thee?
Know'st thou it well?
It is there, it is there,
That I would I could with thee, my guardian, repair.

Know'st thou the mount, and its cloud-covered bridge,
Where the mules pick their way on the mist-shrouded ridge?
There reside in its caverns the old dragon's brood,
And the rock tumbles headlong, and o'er it the flood!
Know'st thou it well?
It is there, it is there,
Lies our pathway; O father, there let us repair.

1880.

THE BETTER LAND.

[A parody on Goethe's "Mignon," intended as a dirge of a husband over the bier of his much-lamented wife. From the German.]

KNOW'ST thou the land where afflictions are o'er,
Where the breast of the mourner is heaving no more;
Where the sick heart revives in a blissful repose,
And the eye, ever-beaming, no tearfulness knows?
Know'st thou it well?
It is there, it is there,
To rejoin my departed, I fain would repair.

Know'st thou the mansion with moss-covered dome,
And its narrow and fearful apartments of gloom?
Yet there naught can disturb the lone pilgrim's sweet rest,
There the weary and faint own the home of the blest:
Know'st thou it well?
It is there, it is there,
To that lone home I to my spouse would repair.

Know'st thou the mountain and valley below?
There is ended all rovings, is lost every woe;
As the deep yawns beneath me a voice seems to say,
I await thee, my loved one, Oh why still delay?
Oh, she beckons me onward,
She calleth me there,
Yes, to thee, my beloved one, I soon shall repair.

1845.

THE WANDERER.

[This poem, written by Goethe to express his feelings and caprices on separating from Frederica, was first published by him in *The Gottingen Musen Almanach*, and afterwards placed among his collected works. The translator had never seen a version of it in English when the following was made in 1845. It is here given as then rendered, and in the exact broken metre of the original.]

Wanderer—

GOD bless thee, youthful woman,
And the sucking boy
Upon thy breast.
Let me against this rocky wall,
Here, in the elm-tree's shade,
Lay down my burden,
And beside thee rest.

Woman—

What occupation drives thee,
Through the noontide heat,
Along this dusty road?
And dost thou, stranger, smile
At my inquiry?

Wanderer—

I bring no merchandise from town;
Cool now is grown the evening,
Direct me to the fountain
Whereat thou drinkest,
Dear youthful wife.

Woman—

Here, up this rocky path;
Go forward through the bushes;

The path leads to the cottage
Where I reside,
And to the fountain
Whereat I drink.

Wanderer—

Traces of man's arranging hand
Amid the shrubbery!
These stones thou hast not fitted thus,
Profusely strewing Nature.

Woman—

Still farther up.

Wanderer—

An architrave o'ergrown with moss!
I know thee, thou more plastic spirit;
Thou hast thy signet set upon the stone.

Woman—

Still farther, stranger.

Wanderer—

An inscription, over which I tread,
Illegible!
Yes, ye have passed away,
Ye deep-engraven words,
Which should the master's artifice
Have shown to thousand generations!

Woman—

Art thou astonished, stranger,
At these stones?
Up yonder there are many stones
Around my cottage.

Wanderer—

Up yonder?

Woman—

Right onward to the left,
Up through the bushes there.

Wanderer—

Ye Muses, and ye Graces!

Woman

That is my cottage.

Wanderer—

The ruins of a temple!

Woman—

Here at its side, down there,
Wells up the fountain
From which I drink.

Wanderer—

Still glowing, thou dost hover
Above thy sepulchre,
O Genius: over thee
Is tumbled into ruins
Thy master-piece,
O thou immortal one.

Woman—

Wait, I will fetch thee out a cup,
From which to drink.

Wanderer—

The ivy hath thy slender
God-like form invested!
How thou dost tower aloft,
Thou twin-reared column,
And thou, lone sister, there!
How ye,
With sombre moss upon your sacred heads,

In mourning look majestic down
Upon the scattered ruins
At your feet!
Your sisters—
In the bramble bushes' shadow,
Earth and rubbish deck them,
And tall grass waves above them there.
Dost treasure thus, O Nature,
Thy master-piece's master-piece?
Unfeelingly dost lay in heaps
Thy holy shrine,
And sowest thistles there?

Woman—

Oh, how the baby sleeps!
Wilt rest thee in my cottage,
Stranger? Wouldst thou here,
The rather, tarry in the open air?
'Tis cool! Here, take the boy,
That I may go and fetch the water.
Sleep on, darling, sleep!

Wanderer—

Sweet is thy repose!
How in celestial health it
Swimming calmly breathes!
Thou born amid the hallowed
Remnants of antiquity,
Its spirit rests upon thee!
He, round whom it hovers,
Will, in god-like consciousness,
His every day enjoy.
Thou swelling germ, bloom out,
The glistening spring-time's

Noblest ornament:
Outshine thy fellows all,
And when the bloom-envelope wilts away,
Then lift from out thy bosom
The perpetual fruit,
And rise to meet the sun.

Woman—

God bless it! and sleeps he still?
I've naught, with this fresh drink,
Except a slice of bread to offer thee.

Wanderer—

I thank thee.
How beautiful all blooms around!
How green!

Woman—

My husband soon
Will be at home
From work: Oh stay, stay, man,
And eat with us the evening meal.

Wanderer—

And you live here!

Woman—

Just here within these walls:
This cottage did my father build
Of tiles, and stones dug from the rubbish.
Here, too, we dwell:
He gave me to a laborer,
And died within our arms.
And hast thou been asleep, my darling pet?
How bright he is, and wants to play:
You rogue!

Wanderer—

Nature, thou, ever teeming,
Formest each for life's enjoyment:
Thou hast thy children all maternally
Endowed with an inheritance—a home.
High builds the swallow on the cornice,
Unconscious what adornment
She beclays.
The caterpillar round the golden bough
Spins for its brood a winter-home:
And thou, too, patchest, 'mid antiquity's
Sublimest fragments,
For thy necessity,
A cottage-home, O man,
And hast enjoyment over graves!
Farewell, thou happy wife!

Woman—

Wilt thou not tarry, then?

Wanderer—

May God preserve thee—
Bless thy boy!

Woman—

A pleasant journey!

Wanderer—

Whither does the path up o'er
The mountain there conduct me?

Woman—

To Cuma.

Wanderer—

How far is't hence?

Woman—

'Tis three good miles.

Wanderer—

Farewell!
Guide thou the way, O Nature,
Guide the stranger's roving steps
As o'er the graves
Of reverend antiquity
I wander.
Guide him to some calm retreat
From north-winds screened,
And where a poplar-grove
Wards off the noontide rays:
And when I turn me then,
At evening, homeward
To my cottage,
Gilded by the latest sun-beams,
Let receive me such a wife—
Her boy upon her arms!

1845.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

[Translated from the Latin of Hildebert, of 12th Century.]

ORIGINAL.

ME receptet Sion illa,
Sion, David urbs tranquilla,
Cujus Faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portae lignum crucis,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus.

In hac urbe lux sollennis,
Ver eternum, pax perennis;
In hac odor implens cœlos,
In hac semper festum melos;
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela.

Non minuti, non deformes,
Omnes Christo sunt conformes,
Urbs coelestis, urbs beata,
Super petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto—

Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro:
Quantum tui gratulantur,
Quam festive convivantur;
Quis affectus eos stringit,
Aut quae gemma muros pingit:

Quis chalcedon, quis jacinthus,
Norunt illi qui sunt intus;
In plateis hujus urbis,
Sociatus piis turbis,
Cum Moyse et Elia,
Pium cantem Alleuia!

TRANSLATION.

O MAY Zion greet me, loyal,
Zion, David's city royal,
Whose Designer built the morning,
With the cross its gates adorning,

Whose are walls of granite hoary,
Whose defense the King of glory.

In that home of light unfading,
Spring eternal, peace pervading;
Fragrance there the air is filling,
There is music ever thrilling,
There is naught corrupting morals,
There no want, and there no quarrels.

None are lacking, none abnormal,
All in Christ are uniformal,
Seat celestial, bliss unbounded,
On the Rock of Ages founded;
Safe that city's port is looming,
From afar I hail the coming—

Hail thee now, and pant to gain thee,
Gain thee and fore'er retain thee;
How thine own salute each other,
How they feast as friend and brother,
What affection them uniting,
Or what gem thy walls bedighting—

Chalcedon or jacinth glowing—
Those within alone are knowing;
In that city's streets resplendent,
May I, 'mid its throngs attendant,
Led by Moses and Elijah,
Sing with saints their Hallelujah!

1879.

DIES IRÆ.

ORIGINAL.

DIES Iræ, dies illa!
Solvet sæclum in favillâ!
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex, ergo, cum sedebit,
Quicquid latet apparebit;
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus!
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex, tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ!
Ne me perdas, illa die!

Quærens me, sedisti, lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Juste Judex ultionis.
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis!

Ingemisco tanquam reus;
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti!

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ;
Sed Tu, bonus, fac benigne;
Ne perenni cremer igne!

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra!

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex, et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis!

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus,
Huic ergo, parce, Deus!
Jesu, pie Domine,
Dona eos requie!

Amen.

Thomas of Celano, cir. 1250.

TRANSLATION No. 1.

1

DAY of judgment, awe-investing,
Flames the course of time arresting,
Seer and Sibyl so attesting.

2

What shall be the awful quaking,
When the Judge, the dead awaking,
Inquest strict of all is making!

3

Peals the trump a blast astounding,
Through sepulchral regions sounding,
All the judgment-throne surrounding.

4

Death aghast, and nature trembling,
When each creature shall, assembling,
Give account without dissembling.

5

Then shall be the volume tendered,
Holding all by sin engendered,
Whence the world's award is rendered.

6

When the Judge hath seat selected,
What is hid shall be detected,
Naught remaining uninspected.

7

What shall wretched I be pleading?
Who of saints be interceding,
When the just are scarce succeeding?

8

King of awe and glory blending,
Thou art free the saved befriending;
Save me, Fount of grace transcending.

9

Think, Dear Jesus, ere discarding,
Me Thy mission's cause regarding,
Be not doom to me awarding.

10

Waiting, weary, me Thou soughtest,
By Thy passion me Thou boughtest;
Be not wrecked the work Thou wroughtest.

11

Judge of righteous restitution,
Grant the boon of absolution,
Ere the day of retribution.

12

Groan I guilty, self accusing,
Flushed my cheeks with shame confusing,
Spare a suppliant, Lord, excusing.

13

Thou who Mary pardon wordedst,
Who the thief on Calvary heardest,
Hope to me, too, Thou affordedst.

14

True, my prayers deserve Thy spurning,
But benignly be Thou yearning,
Lest I writhe in endless burning.

15

Place me 'mid the sheep beside Thee,
From the goats sequestered hide me;
Room at Thy right hand provide me.

16

When the doomed shall stand confounded,
Stand with scorching flames surrounded,
Welcome me to bliss unbounded.

17

Prostrate, humbly I adore Thee,
Contrite fall as dust before Thee;
Guard my last end, I implore Thee.

18

Oh, that day of grief surprising,
When from ashes man, arising,
Shall to judgment come to meet Thee,
Spare, oh, spare him, I entreat Thee,
Holy Jesus, Lord divine,
Grant repose to all of Thine.
Amen.

TRANSLATION NO. 2.

1.

DAY of wrath, that day awaited,
When earth sinks in flames cremated,
So by Seer and Sibyl stated.

2.

What shall be the shock surprising,
When the Judge shall come assizing,
All things strictly scrutinizing!

3.

Trumpet, wondrous echo flinging,
Through sepulchral regions ringing,
All before the throne is bringing.

4.

Death shall quail and nature quiver,
When each creature, raised, shall shiver,
And, arraigned, account deliver.

5.

Brought shall be the book recorded,
In which every act is worded,
Whence the world is doom awarded.

6.

When the Judge enthroned is sighted,
What is hid shall be uplighted;
Naught of wrong remain unrighted.

7.

What shall be my sad condition?
Which of saints shall I petition,
When the just have scarce admission?

8.

King of majesty resplendent,
Thou dost save the saved dependent,
Save me, Fount of grace transcendent.

9.

Bring, dear Jesus, to cognition,
That I caused Thine earthly mission,
Lest mine be that day perdition.

10.

Sat'st Thou weary, me regarding;
Wast the cross not e'en discarding;
Be such toil not unrewarding.

11.

Righteous Judge of sin's punition,
Grant the boon of its remission,
Ere its day of requisition.

12.

Moan I, guilt my soul confusing;
Blush my cheeks, in shame suffusing;
Be a suppliant not refusing.

13.

Thou who Mary pardon sendedst,
Who an ear the robber lendedst,
Me, too, Thou a hope extendedst.

14.

Prayers of mine deserve malignly;
But deal, gracious Lord, benignly,
Lest I burn fore'er condignly.

15.

Mid thy chosen sheep locate me,
From the goats then separate me,
On Thy right hand, Lord, instate me.

16.

When the doomed are execrated,
And to flames are destinated,
Call me with thine approbated.

17.

I entreat as suppliant kneeling,
Crushed my heart as dust appealing,
Take in charge my final sealing.

18.

When that day of weeping flashes,
And, uprising out of ashes,
Man for judgment shall prepare him,
Then, O God, though guilty, spare him.
Gracious Jesus, then to them
Grant a peaceful requiem.
Amen.

TRANSLATION NO. 3.

1

DAY of wrath, of conscience goading,
Time at end, in smoke exploding,
Seer and Sibyl so foreboding.

2

What shall be the shock ensuing,
When the Judge, delay eschewing,
Comes, each action strict reviewing!

3

Peals His trump in tones astounding,
Through sepulchral regions sounding,
All before the throne propounding.

4

Death shall cower, and nature tremble,
When each creature shall assemble,
Give account, and naught dissemble.

5

Brought shall be the book, once slighted,
Wherein every act is cited,
Whence the world shall be indicted.

6

When the Judge shall sit for hearing,
What is hid shall be appearing,
Naught remain without a clearing.

7

Then what plea shall poor I make me?
Then to which of saints betake me,
When the just, scarce saved, forsake me?

8

King of majesty tremendous,
Thou dost free, if saved, befriend us;
Save me, Fount of love stupendous!

9

Oh remember, Jesus holy,
That I caused Thy mission lowly,
Lest that day Thou doom me wholly.

10

Weary sat'st Thou me bewailing,
Bought me by Thy cross's nailing;
Be such toil not unavailing.

11

Judge of righteous inquisition,
Grant the boon of its remission,
Ere its day of recognition.

12

I am guilty, yet bemoaning,
Flush my cheeks, my trespass owning,
Spare me, Lord, a suppliant groaning.

13

Thou who Mary hast forgiven,
Who the thief hast heard and shriven,
Hast me, too, assurance given.

14

Worthless are my prayers ascending,
But, dear Lord, be me befriending,
Lest I writhe in fire unending.

15

'Mid the sheep a place design me;
With the goats do not consign me;
Room at Thy right hand assign me.

16

When the doomed shall stand detected,
When to fiercest flames subjected,
Call me with Thy saints perfected.

17

I entreat Thee, low inclining,
Heart in deep contrition pining,
I my fate to Thee resigning.

18

Oh that day of tears and quaking,
When from ashes, man, awaking,
Stands a culprit, Lord, before Thee,
Spare him, Saviour, I implore Thee!
Holy Jesus, Lord, to those
Grant an undisturbed repose.
Amen.

TRANSLATION NO. 4.

1.

DAY of wrath, that day of ages,
When earth's conflagration rages,
Seer, with Sibyl, so presages.

2.

What shall be the awful quailing,
When the Judge shall come unfailing,
Each one's strict account unvailing!

3.

Sounds His trump, as knell in tolling,
Through sepulchral regions rolling,
All before the throne controlling.

4.

Death aghast, and nature staggered,
When each creature rises haggard,
All arraigned, not one a laggard.

5.

Brought the book which naught disguises,
Book which every act comprises,
Whence depend the world's assizes.

6.

When the Judge his throne has taken,
What lies hid to light shall waken,
Naught unjudged remain forsaken.

7.

What shall wretched I then tender?
Who of saints be my defender,
When the just scarce plea can render?

8.

King of awe in apprehension,
Thou dost save by intervention;
Save me, Fount of condescension.

9.

Jesus, think of my condition,
Mine, who caused Thine earthly mission,
Lest that day prove my perdition.

10.

Weary waiting, Thou hast sought me,
By the cross enduring bought me;
Be not lost what Thou hast wrought me.

11.

Judge of righteous retribution,
Grant remissive absolution
Ere the day of restitution.

12.

I am guilty, yet lamenting;
Blush my cheeks, my sin repenting;
Spare a suppliant, Lord, relenting.

13.

Thou, who Mary once forgavedst,
Who the pleading robber savedst,
Thou me, too, a hope then wavedst.

14.

Prayers of mine are worthless rated,
But be kindly supplicated,
Lest I ceaseless be cremated.

15.

Mid the sheep a place afford me,
From the goats rejected ward me,
Room at Thy right hand accord me.

16.

When, forlorn, the doomed shall welter,
When, in scorching flames they swelter,
With the blest vouchsafe me shelter,

17.

Humbly kneeling, I adore thee,
Contrite fall as dust before Thee,
Guard my future, I implore Thee.

18.

Oh, that day of dread assizes,
When from ashes man arises,
Guilty, at Thy bar to meet Thee.
Spare him, Saviour! I entreat Thee.
Jesus Holy, Lord alone,
Grant repose to all Thine own.
Amen.

TRANSLATION NO. 5.

1

DAY of judgment, day of shrinking,
Earth in ashes crumbling, sinking,
David so, with Sibyl, thinking.

2

What shall be the consternation,
When the Judge, in demonstration,
Comes for strict investigation!

3

Peals His trump, its notes distraining
Through sepulchral regions raining,
All before the throne arraigning.

4

Death shall cower, and nature quiver,
When each creature, raised, shall shiver,
And to Judge account deliver.

5

Brought shall be the volume fated,
Wherein every act is stated,
Whence the world is destinated.

6

When the Judge shall take His station,
Secrets shall have revelation;
Naught shall fail of vindication.

7

What shall poor I then be saying?
Then to which of saints be praying,
When the just scarce safe are staying?

8

King enthroned in awful splendor,
Free the saved Thou safe dost render;
Save me, Fount of mercy tender.

9

Holy Jesus, think with yearning,
That I am Thy errand's earning,
Lest Thou me that day be spurning.

10

Sat'st Thou weary, me esteeming,
Cross enduring me redeeming;
Be such toil not fruitless seeming.

11

Righteous Judge of sin's exaction,
Grant remission's benefaction,
Ere the day of penal action.

12

Groan I while my guilt confessing;
Blush my cheeks my sin expressing;
Spare a suppliant Thee addressing.

13

Gav'st Thou Mary absolution,
Heardst the thief in execution,
Grant'st me hope in destitution.

14

Prayers of mine are void of merit;
But, benign, impart Thy Spirit,
Lest I endless fire inherit.

15

'Mid the sheep a place decide me;
From the goats forlorn divide me;
On thy right a seat provide me.

16

When the cursed to doom are going,
And in crisping flames are glowing,
Greet me, endless bliss bestowing.

17

Mine a suppliant's low position,
Mine a contrite heart's condition,
Bear the care of my transition.

18

Day of woe and day of weeping,
When man wakes in dust from sleeping,
And for judgment must prepare him,
Then, O God! though guilty, spare him.
Holy Jesus, Lord, in love
Grant them peace with Thee above.
Amen.

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